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ABC

ISSN 0265-1289

nicole

It's when you see a girl like Nicole — winsome smile and bewitching briefs — that you begin to wonder about the sanity of those correspondents writing in and demanding to see more girls in thermal long-johns. Me? I think Nicole's dressed to perfection . . . hope she doesn't stretch my jacket!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARRY SMITH

CAUGHT IN

FLOCK ME, WHAT A BUNCH OF SILLY BLEATERS

Judging by the expression on Bo Peep's face, and the attitude of the peeping beau behind her, the woolies she's lost are the ones with the reinforced gusset marked 'Breeze-blockers — to keep you in the hot seat all winter'. Actually, and I know it's out of focus, but I rather think that chap in the background might be blowing his horn, and granted the chill autumn breeze this would explain why he ended up being called Boy Blue.

All right, so it's not the way the au pair used to tell you the story at bedtime (not unless

CAUGHTSHORT

"They are not readily distinguishable from the common toad . . . the feature to look for is a yellow line down the length of the back . . ."

Usually in this column, it must be admitted, this would be a prelude to some item on members of the House of Commons. This time, though, my extracted quote really does come from an article about those rare creatures natterjack toads — although later references to long-tailed tits did rather set me thinking of Parliament again. But why am I reading about toads?

Spring, dear readers, was feebly attempting to emerge through the hail and gales in tribute to Easter as my deadlines somewhat less feebly pounced for this issue, and at such times in an old hack if the sap does not actually rise, it at least calls for some seasonal variation.

So away with the daily newspapers cuttings file for one month, cries your less-than-usually-inebriated correspondent to himself, and he leaps (or at any rate limps less heavily than he has through the winter) down to that treasure chamber of arcane and parochial literature: the Paddington Station branch of John Menzies.

What shall it be, then? A brace or two of Irish newspapers, perhaps, or a selection of obscure handicraft catalogues? But his eyes stray to the top shelves, far even beyond the reaches of the latest *Knave*, and alight on the reading matter for country folk — top shelved no doubt for the shocking bloodiness of its content — and his heart is at once at peace with the world. For the unspeakable in pursuit of the variously inedible and barely cookable are surely, if you will excuse the phase, fair game.

Out of Town, if must quickly be admitted, was from this point of view a grave disappointment. The only animal wilfully dispatched to oblivion in the entire publication, as far as I could divine, was whatever supplied the kidneys for the hotel correspondent's alarmingly Edwardian breakfast in the Scottish Highlands.

Otherwide the wounding of furred and feathered dumb beasts seems to be the preserve solely of the thoughtlessly wielded pen. In a feature on the wildlife to be found in churchyards (or graveyards as most of us are inclined to recognise them) we are unblushingly informed that while bell towers can provide a home for such avian sweeties as "swifts, kestrels, barn and little owls" often they have to be blocked off because "commoner birds such as starlings, feral pigeons and sparrows also use these sites".

Now, considering that churches are in this article encouraged to house frogs, toads, various insects, bats, caterpillars, stinging nettles and even fungi, I think if I were a starling I should feel pretty miffed at being dismissed as "common". All I can say is that it is a good thing that your average feral pigeon, even if literate, is rarely seen dropping in at the local Menzies with a spare quid just to see if he has been libelled.

Elsewhere one discovers that those fine toads mentioned earlier had British Nuclear Fuels to thank for being given a new home away from the route of a proposed new railway line at Sellafield — good old BNF. Ho yus — I should bleedin' cocoa me old beauty! You have to get up earlier in the morning than that to catch such a practised cynic as yours truly. They just don't want twelve foot tall plutonium-munching frogs leaping on and off the reactor building, matey, you mark my words.

Finally, before leaving *Out of Town* and its parade of trams, papier maché, stately architecture and goodness knows what else, I noted that the festival garden open in Stoke on Trent this summer is built on the site of Shelton steel works (deceased). It is not that I am in any way against garden festivals, you understand, it is just that in the present economic climate I can forsee all too many sites becoming available. Can you imagine the day when our gross national products has to be measured in lupins?

I skip on, then, in search of the upper crust's bloodlusts, to *The Field* — a title evocative of . . . er . . . fields. To my utter surprise, the first twenty-odd pages seem to be about little other than What Things Cost. Housing land prices in

IN THE ACT

BY W.F. GUTTERSNIPE

you were very lucky with your au pair), but then what can you expect with a character who, as they'd have said in the old Hollywood movies, hangs around with a dirty yellow crook?

And it's no use you standing there looking sheepish . . .

CRATE EXPECTATIONS

I wonder sometimes if the convenience society hasn't gone a little too far. I mean, wine in a box, milk in a box, fruit juice in a box — all of these are just about tolerable; but, like croutons in packet soup, one can't help feeling that take-away women really aren't quite normal.

And where are you supposed to get them from, for goodness sake? The sex supermarket? The chippy? Or perhaps the local off-licence ("A bottle of Chateau Le Gopener and a crate of the soixante-neuf please?")

I suspect in reality that this little item is what the editor, 'El Gutto', has had prepared for his never-to-be appearance on Desert Island Discs: what he wants to be washed ashore as his one permitted luxury. Let's face it, he'd need something to fill the time. The chances of him amusing himself for long with Shakespeare and the Bible would surely be pretty slim.

Trouble is, knowing his luck with women, it would only turn out to be whine-in-a-box after all . . .

Hampshire "are up to £200,000 an acre" I can now confidently pass on, while "housing in East Kent will break the £300,000 barrier thanks to the M25 this year."

If mansions are not to your tastes, or if you were thinking of building one by traditional methods, it may also be noted that old scientific instruments are fetching a few bob at auction these days, where "a fine 18th-century brass incline indicator in its Brander workshop chamois leather lined and fitted case with tooled gilt designs of birds and foliage on the cover" will command £200-£400. A snip if you ask me. Even more thrilling is an early brass helichronometer, which is to say a sun watch, expected to bag up to £1,200. Judging by its photograph the last place you'd bung it is on your wrist, although it might look rather jolly next to the £10,000 swimming pool (garden variety) in the following feature. Blow-up paddling pools are not mentioned.

Ever onwards, past motor cars, a pin-up of a Baronet (aha! but he *is* a Master of Foxhounds), news items on, *inter alia*, cleaning up the river Ganges (!) and endless gardening, until finally we meet the top drawer at its sports: the universities Boat Race and the ritual slaughter of foxes. In passing one might note that Oxford has used 'foreigners' in its crews about 100 times, and Cambridge around 75. Ah yes, but just let the colonial bastards try getting into the Yorkshire cricket team.

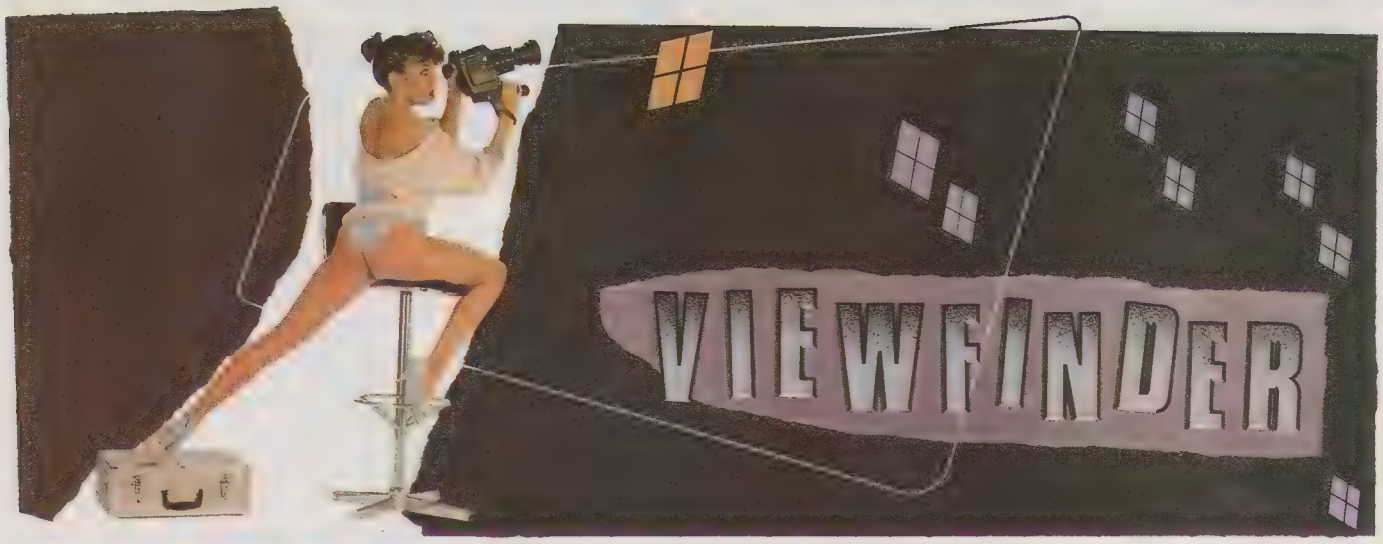
Hunt of the month, as it were, finds itself in *Irish RM* territory with the West Carbery Hounds where a retained huntsman "continues to hunt hounds on foot." Disregarding the fact that I supposed they hunted foxes, you'd think any huntsman who couldn't ride would be ashamed of himself! "The foxes are wild and strong," we are told, "and it was no mean feat on St Stephen's day to kill a brace in style." How wild and strong are they? I'd have thought a pack of bloodthirsty hounds would stand a fair chance even against Arnie Schwarzenneger. Or perhaps the eccentric huntsman wrestles the poor bloody foxes to death.

On a few pages, and opposite an article on the joys of badgers (no, not killing them — whatever else is bagged in these mags, Brock is sacrosanct) we read of the plight of peewits (aka green plovers, lapwings, teerfits) in severely cold weather, and an older buffer than yours truly recalls the winter of 1917 when the birds were "too weak to get out of the way . . . and many were buried alive . . . in the wake of the plough". Poor wee things. And how nice to know that someone cares. But wait. The reason for concern: in the cold climate "they lost condition and were not worth shooting". Typical!

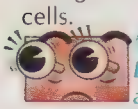
This sort of concern for wildlife is equally apparent in *Shooting Times*, where readers are advised to breed their own ducks, paying special attention to protecting the sweet little ducklings from cattle and even greedy old drakes. When released into the wild, this stock "should hopefully provide a little more exciting flighting on the bleak evenings of winter." Yes — the idea is to blast the unfortunate sods out of the sky.

And if you were beginning to wonder how the upper echelons' budgies manage to evade the unpleasant experience of a close encounter of the double-barrelled kind, you'd be getting closer to the truth than you might think. Rose-ringed parakeets, native to India, "have been reported in south east England since 1969 and their spread has been steady," writes 'Rusticus'. Having now proved that they can survive a cold winter the possibility arises that "one day we will be setting out patterns of parakeet decoys in an attempt to control a new pest through shooting". Rusticus hopes it will not come to this. Oh yes, and you can see his readers now, can't you, weeping openly with grief over the sights of their Winchesters as they practice recognition from the Observer book of Indian Birds. "Ah, no," they cry, "let me never have to bag a rose-ringed parakeet," and they take another sniff at the onion.

Ah well, at least it's a mite less disturbing than those other magazines on the news-stands which are more concerned with 'survivalism', i.e. bagging people. But that, dear readers, will have to wait . . .

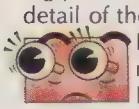


The truth is never easy to confront; and if you need to look away from it there are normally a couple of thousand helpful opinions available from a variety of ill-informed sources, useless for anything except saving wear and tear on brain cells.

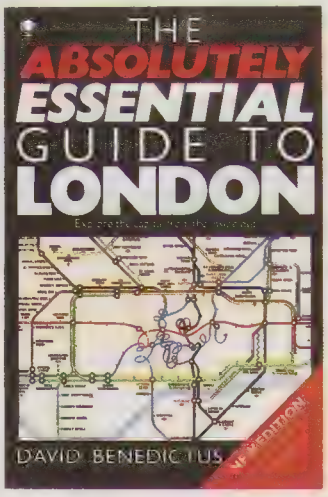


Naked is the Best Disguise: My Life as a Stripper, by Lauri Lewin *(Pandora, £4.95)* is the best book about the nature of pornography from a woman's viewpoint I have ever read. Lewin worked as a stripper in Boston for some years while putting herself through college; a smart girl, who did it for the money and for the admiration. Her observations of her friends, the other strippers, some of who survived and some of whom didn't, are perceptive, honest and chilling.

It is difficult to praise this book highly enough. The field of pornography, of which both soft stripping and such soft core porn as the magazine you are holding are a part, is a minefield of highly loaded moral and political ambiguities, opinions and 'facts'. There is no such animal as the Whole Truth, but ***Naked is the Best Disguise*** presents an unblinkingly accurate portrait of one detail of the whole. Read it.



Because it's summer the Guides to London are proliferating. Two that deserve a mention are ***The Absolutely Essential Guide to London***, by David Benedictus *(Sphere, £4.95)*, which is quite simply the best guide book I have ever read, also one of the most enjoyable reading experiences I have had recently, also almost unfailingly accurate. Eccentric, personal, wonderful and terribly, terribly funny it

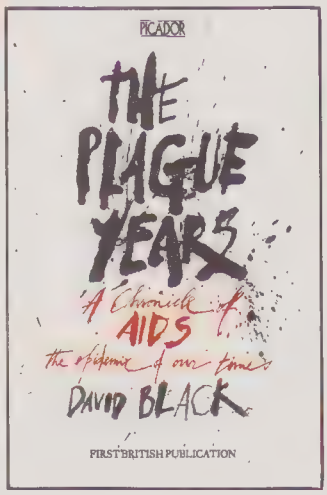


will take you on a tour that includes lavatories, farms, queues, ferries and everything of every description you could ever want to know anything about.

The Virgin Guide to London, on the other hand *(Virgin, £3.50)*, has an introduction that claims that other guidebooks do not offer their information in a style that could be considered "hip". And then presents its facts in a dry, confusing and hard-to-find manner that will make any American tourist long for the caustic honesty of Benedictus.

I was talking to a gay friend two nights ago. He has a friend who is dying of AIDS, but still goes on sex holidays to Amsterdam bathhouses. That's scary. The trouble with AIDS is there is so much misinformation, and confusion and fear. Simply the act of my reading a book on AIDS was enough to clear a train compartment recently. If you don't mind travelling alone read ***AIDS: The Deadly Epidemic***, by Graham Hancock and Enver Carim *(Gollancz, £2.95)* for a balanced and apparently accurate account of something that is shaping up to be worse than all the bullshit propoganda so far.

The Plague Years, A Chronicle of AIDS, The Epidemic of our Times, by *Rolling Stone* Reporter David Black *(Picador, £3.50)* is readable, in an "I'm a Rolling Stone Reporter, and I'm just a down home boy who oughta be out beatin' up on fags, but, heck, I'm tellin' you about the



disease those fruits have got an' it ain't nothin' to laugh about" sort of way. It also presents a diametrically opposed viewpoint of the disease. Read both, or just read the Gollancz title.

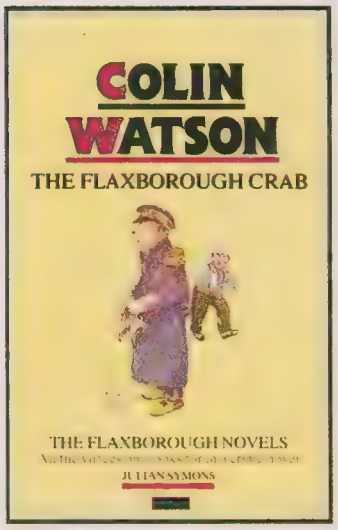
In a lighter vein is ***The Dictionary of Disgusting Facts***, by Alan Williams and Maggie Noach *(Futura, £1.95)*. Basically, a compendium of facts which cause a stomach to execute a quick series of flip-flops. Impossible to put down, but just as impossible to read while eating. A sample letter of the alphabet throws up Tapeworm, Tattooing, Teratoma Tumour, Testicles, Thrush, Transexualism and Trepanation, which gives you a fair idea of this amazing work's range. Is it possible to lose your lunch while giggling? Find out for yourself . . .

The Pleasures of Loving *(Star, £2.25)* is a compilation of letters from women to *Elle*. French letters that leave you wondering about the ability of French women when it comes to writing about sex. Or maybe about the quality of the translation. Why, oh why, are so many Star Adult books so mind-bogglingly boring? This one is duller than most.

Josephine Saxton is a British Author who is suddenly getting published a great deal, which is a good thing, because she is so very good. ***Queen of the States*** *(Women's Press SF, £1.95)* is a hallucinogenic novel about Magdalen who may (or may not) be mad. After all, she does believe she is Queen of America. And she thinks she has been kidnapped by Aliens. On the other hand her fantasises (if they are just fantasies) are tending to affect the lives of others around her . . . A heady brew that is more than likely to do weird things to your sense of reality.

Methuen are busily reissuing Colin Watson's Flaxborough Novels. ***The Flaxborough Crab*** — a horrifying tale of sex-fiends on the loose in a tiny market

town, is funnier and wickeder than ***Plaster Sinners***, a slightly more cosy tale of mayhem,



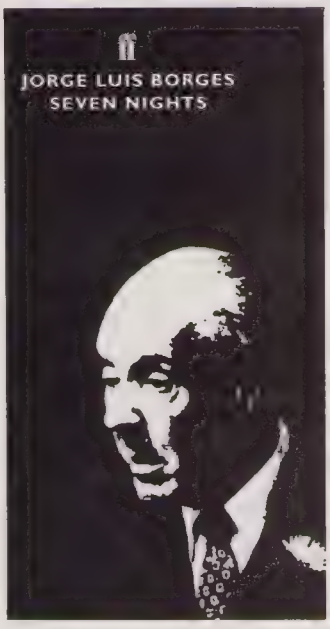
murder and similar small-town pursuits. Both, however, give you a comfortable read for your money. *(£3.50 each).*

The Poetry Dirge is a tattily printed book of poetry by David Collins, age nineteen. It costs *£2.00* from *D. Rogge*, 20 Bolestyle Crescent, Kirkmichael, Maybole, Ayrshire, KA19 7PW. The subject matter is sex, and booze, and maybe an occasional car-crash. A relentless indictment of the world in which we live, or it would be if the poetry was better. Sort of grown up Adrian Mole stuff, but I'm giving it a plug because I'm an old softie.

The Dwarf *(Quartet, £4.95)* is a novel of casual brutality and fear. It is told by the dwarf for a Renaissance Prince, who acts as the Prince's troubleshooter and darker self, and who is twisted, wicked, and seething with barely suppressed hatreds. Pär Lagerkvist, the author, won a Nobel prize for lit., but don't let that put you off: if you appreciate cannibal zombie gut-crunchers, or the aesthetic buzz that comes from something out-of-the ordinary, then check this one out.

If you enjoy the vicarious thrill of seeing some poor clergyman get his comeuppance in the *News of the World* (on a "There but for the grace of God, and the fact that I don't rape choirboys, go I" basis), then you'll love ***Scandal!*** by Colin Wilson and Donald Seaman *(Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £12.95)*. Big Names In Compromising Positions! Sex! Money! Homosexuality! Fraud! Religion! Archaeology! (Archaeology?) All Human Life Is Here, normally doing something it shouldn't . . .

Finally, Jorge Lois Borges. I have a passion for the writings of Borges — overflowing with ideas, brimming over with myth and magic, learned but never pedantic, always (or almost always) worth the price of admission. If you like Borges you'll love ***Seven Nights*** *(Faber and Faber, £3.95)*, seven essays



on The Divine Comedy, blindness, nightmares, the Arabian Nights, the kabbalah, buddhism and poetry. Originally delivered as lectures in 1977, on seven consecutive nights, these essays are as compulsively readable as the hottest best-seller.

Unfortunately ***Atlas*** (Viking, £12.95) is the kind of work that could give Borges a bad name — a coffee-table book of fuzzy photos and diary jottings. There are more ideas on one page of ***Seven Nights*** than in the whole of ***Atlas***. So like Frank N. Furter says, (from grubby movie screens at about midnight on Fridays and Saturdays all over the civilised world), don't judge a book by its cover.

W.C. Gull

A friend of mine had a lot of trouble getting it. Every night of his life he prayed that he'd go to Heaven and be reincarnated as a prick. We used to tell him that with his luck, he'd go to Hell, and be reincarnated as a pussy.

Supernatural whambangs inspire two movies this month. Seems like movie producers would sell their souls to the Devil for a good new twist on ***Ghostbusters***. ***Maxie*** is one. When a present-day librarian runs an old Maxie Malone movie on his video, her wraith turns up to watch it too. Nostalgia buff and '20s starlet take a shine to each other. Alas: she has so little body to her name, that the Bronx cocktail he hands her falls quite through her fingers. But love will find a way, so, periodically, the flapper's spirit takes his prim wife's body over. Her very different mind improves it no end. The wife is no spoilsport, but, as she protests, "I'm a woman, not a flophouse!" So she consults a priest. But a quick chat with Maxie gets his cassock in a twist; he breaks down and

confesses. "When I confiscate my pupils' girlie magazines — before I burn them, I read them! Now I can't even look at staples without getting impure thoughts!"

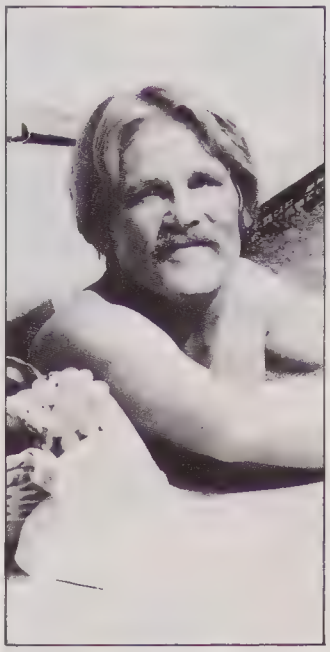
Verdict: a haunting idea, even if the tale veers through too many tangents.

Blasts from several different pasts haunt ***House***. When a writer of horror novels moves in, he gets the mind-bending treatment from *both* the dear old lady who inexplicably hanged herself, *and* from the Vietnam War buddy whom he failed to mercy-kill. Just imagine a combination of ***Ghostbusters***, ***The Deer Hunter***, and ***Psycho***. With a jigger or two of ***Poltergeist*** and ***The Texas Lawn Mower Massacre***. It's a fine old farrago: just about everything turns spooky sooner or later, from a stuffed swordfish to a set of garden tools. And far from lacking solid flesh, the numerous varied ghosts trundle around like big bundles of putrid viscera. They taste horrible when our hero has to bite his way free of them, and the rotting hand that he tugs off its arm practically blocks his toilet. You'll puke, giggle and scream throughout

More tongue-in-cheek shivers in ***Clue***. A strange collection of wealthy guests assemble at an eerie mansion. Torrential rain. Lightning. Slavering guard-dogs. A sinister English butler, played by Tim Curry. A maid with most of her luxuriant tits on parade. Everybody is sinister and obnoxious: fine meat for mutual murder, heh heh. And murder strikes, strikes and strikes again, as regularly as the

grandfather clock. The butler smarmily announces: "His head has been cut off — and so has his — you know." Whereupon all the male guests nervously cross their legs. It's all based on that dear old boardgame, Cluedo, and has a very ingenious plot, or plots. But, hush! I'll say no more, or risk giving away the plot, or plots . . .

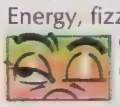
Down and Out In Beverley Hills isn't a reincarnation exactly, more a sort of revamp. It updates that classic French comedy of fifty years ago, ***Boudu Saved From Drowning***. Wealthy businessman Richard Dreyfuss befriends a scruffy, despondent tramp (Nick Nolte). But the rascal's wayward habits and screwball wisdom swiftly charm his benefactor's unsatisfied wife (Bette Midler). *And* his sexy



maid. *And* his gadabout daughter. *And* his tutu-wearing son. *And* even his crazy-mixed-up dog . . .

What an odd, fascinating film. Often it settles for belly laughs and clodhop gags. But at heart (and it *has* a heart), it's a sophisticated, mellow comedy of American manners. And whenever it settled down to

that, I loved it, *passionément*. Energy, fizz, sparkle, sass . . .



Cease Fire is the odd film out this month. It's a straight and sober treatment of problems that the other films use as pegs for jokey thrills. An American husband is haunted by guilty memories of Vietnam. He strives to exorcise them, helped by his loyal wife, forebearing son, and a vets' readjustment group. A bit flat, but earnest, honest.

Eddie Hartley

Absolute Beginners is the film on which the fate of the British Film Industry is meant to rest, as of the moment of writing. By now you'll have heard all about it, be sick of it, and know it was a success or a failure (I vote for success) at the box office. The film is almost unimportant when put up against all that lot.

"One day," mused Colin MacInnes' unnamed and movie-hating hero, "they'll make a movie about the fabulous fifties."

London in the late fifties: for the first time in history, the kids have got the loot and they're living for kicks; the socks are pink, jazz is in the air, somebody's coined the word 'teenager', and someone else is stomping down to Notting Hill to beat up the blacks.

It's a primary-colour, comic-book world that Julien Temple built on the backlot filled with charming people who sing and dance at the drop of a clapperboard. But it has problems . . .

It begins with a long one take pan around Soho, reminiscent of the opening of Welles' ***A Touch of Evil***. Pretty Soho in 1958, before I was born, when furniture was contemporary and the summer was long and hot, while the nights were full of cool jazz. Colin, teenager photographer, loves Suzette, (played by Patsy Kensit, who deserves oblivion as a singer/actress, but doesn't look that bad), who is getting married to Henley (James Fox), who has a business deal with Vendice (David Bowie, in immaculate form and excellent voice) — which involves hiring sundry teds and thugs to start the Notting Hill race riots in order to build a modernistic housing development on the site. Most of the best parts are little more than cameos: Ray Davies and Mandy Rice Davies, as Colin's parents: Lionel Blair as a paedophiliac record promoter: Bowie himself . . .

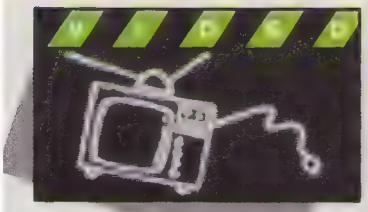
I didn't dislike all of it, but I *was* disappointed. I wanted it to be better. I didn't want to see something that wound up cut into the shape of the film of the soundtrack album, the film of the rock video (though the camerawork and direction look less like rock video and more like quality advertising). In trying to come up with something that would please everyone, from the kids on the streets to the American moneymen, from the MTV videojockeys to the film critics, the film has lost direction. Something more uncompromising would have probably been less commercially successful but would have held up better in the long term.

The Stuff is an American fast food, somewhere between ice cream, yoghurt and that mysterious stuff you find inside some cream cakes. It's being marketed like crazy: they don't have to tell you what's in it, because, like Coke, that's a secret. This means, they don't have to tell you that they don't know what's in it, that it just came bubbling up from the centre of the earth: a horror film monster whose first thought isn't to eat people. No, it's first thought is to be eaten. Then it eats them . . . from the inside.

Ranged against this threat to civilisation are a down-home industrial spy, a twelve-year old kid whose family have started to behave like refugees from a TV commercial, and a crazed right-wing head of a private army.

It's popcorn horror, nothing too gross, holes in the script and cheap special effects. It isn't scary, being full of added sweeteners, unsure whether it's a satire on American marketing techniques and junk food addiction or *The Blob . . . Of Ice Cream!*

Neil Gaiman



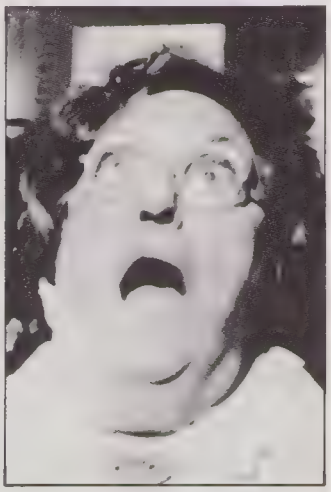
Not much to report on the smut front this month unless you want to count the latest ***Porky*** piece — and try though I might, I just can't bring myself to give this one any kind of blood pressure rating. Okay, so it's got eight tits in it (that's one pair twice, if I counted rightly, another pair and two going solo) but then so has your average university boat team — right? I mean, it's still your cox that calls the strokes, if you follow me, and in this case the little fellow pretty well dozed off entirely.

Porky's films, if you missed the others (which I'm now glad to say I did), are of the 'frat' variety, which is to say American college stuff. In *Porky's Revenge (CBS/Fox)* the basketball-playing heroes finally get around to graduating, which should mean an end to the series, but don't bet on it. Before rolling up for the scrolls, however, they have to plough their way through the usual 'frat' rough 'n' tumble, tangling en route with this Porky character who runs a sleazy night-club/gambling-den on a paddle steamer.

The trouble with Porky, by the by, is that (a) the basketball coach owes him money and is being pressured into making sure our meatheaded heroes lose the state final, and (b) Porky's not uncommonly attractive daughter has told fat Daddy that one of the boys 'went all the way' with her, which in Porky tradition calls for a shotgun wedding.

Now, if you happen to be into this series of features, don't let me put you off getting your third fix (and I'm told, incredibly, that this one is better than the second), but the personal opinion of yours truly is that you've more chance of raising an erection watching ***North by Northwest*** and you'd get a lot more laughs re-running an episode of ***The Young Ones***. Oh well — chaqu'un a son gout, as they say over the channel.

One new video which delivers a lot more (especially in terms of laughs) is *Entertainment in Video's* ***Freaky Fairy Tales*** — originally entitled ***Dead Time Stories***. If the post-certification version bears any resemblance to the review copy it also delivers a good deal more dismemberment than anything else I've seen since the Video Recordings Act.



The basic story is this: there's this little boy who can't get to sleep and who keeps calling in his uncle Mike, who is babysitting, to tell him stories. Remembering the traditional tales with any degree of accuracy is not what you could honestly call Mike's forte, and so he decides to make one up.

A young man called Peter is sold into the service of two witches, and right old hags they are — even Fiesta's Readers' Wives would reject Polaroids of them, I can tell you. The weird sisters are working on a spell to resurrect their third sibling and send Peter out to lure a randy priest back to their hovel on the pretence that they are a pair of beauties.

Because Peter gives him some wickedly enchanted brew to drink on route (Boddingtons, if personal experience is anything to go by) the old crones seem extremely pulchritudinous to his inebriated brain, and the delusion is only broken when they pour a dismembering fluid on his arm which burns his hand off.

Now Peter is none too impressed when the dirty padre gets bumped off, and turns even more against the witches when they get him to abduct a beautiful girl from the forest ("I share with a bunch of dwarfs," she tells him), so that mid-sacrificial ceremony he cuts the girl free.

But that's not before the pulsating heart which has been bunged into the skeleton of the third witch can throw out wriggling arteries, rapidly followed by nerves and muscles — gorily reconstructing her body from the inside out. And a fine series of special effects it is too. I won't spoil the ending except to say that the little boy thinks it's not nasty enough and his uncle has to rewrite it!

Mike's return to a nude beauty contest on the cable TV is short lived, however, and two more tales have to be provided for the insomniac little bastard. No doubt the cable has taken its toll on Mike's imagination as he casts a curvaceous High School cheerleader with vivid masturbatory fantasies as Rachel Running Hood ("This isn't the way that Mummy tells it," complains the toddler), who gets sidetracked in the woods while taking granny her medicine.

Unlike the original story, this is not because she takes the long way round but because she is getting shagged silly in the tennis club hut. But unfortunately Rachel has accidentally picked up not Granny's medicine but that for Wilf, the local teen werewolf, and he's round at Granny's where things are getting a trifle . . . er . . . hairy.

In the final story, The Three Bears are a family of escaped homicidal psychopaths returning to their hideout in Amityville, where they find that Goldie Lox has not only been sleeping in their beds but is now showering in their shower. Goldie is one of those nubile elementals (remember Carrie?) and has a habit of psychically zapping stakes through boyfriends who try to get beyond heavy petting, which explains why the house is full of gruesome corpses in various stages of decomposition.

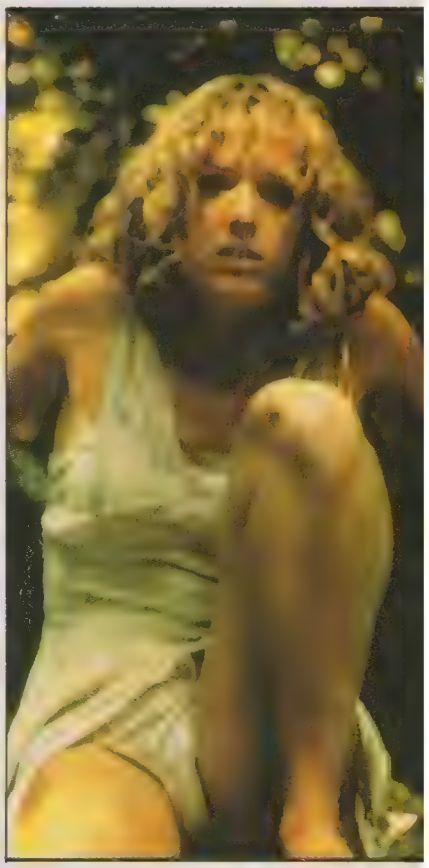
The best laugh of many, by the by, is when the camera dwells on a lone rotted stiff which is suddenly whapped in the head with a bowl of crud, to Poppa Bear's accompanying disgusted cry of "Porridge again!" If you like your horrors funny, slightly smutty and full of good effects (rather than very scarifying) don't miss Freaky Fairy Tales under any circumstances.

There's another film from *EV* that I really enjoyed this month, but I think it is worth passing on a word of warning to the prospective viewer. ***Octavia*** is presented as a tale of a gang-banged blind girl out with a gun seeking revenge. Well, it is and it ain't.

20-year-old Octavia, who is very nearly blind, is a virtual prisoner in her cruel father's rambling house. Nasty daddy holds the girl responsible for her mother's untimely death, and he treats Octavia in a physically and mentally abusive manner.

Fate throws the young woman a peculiar chance for freedom when an escaped prisoner, Bo, hides out in the house's grounds. He takes a shine to Octavia on the initial grounds that she is in fact rather attractive, although the relationship obviously deepens. The trouble is that young Bo fancies himself as a tough guy and refuses to properly express his affections for the girl.

Nevertheless, they both scarper to the wilderness together,



(on a white horse, no less, but then there is almost a fairy story quality to the plot), and briefly enjoy an idyll one always knows is doomed to be shattered. Enter a bike gang to do just that . . . and of course I'm not going to give away all of the ending.

Octavia is really quite a good sensitive, romantic (but I don't mean unnecessarily slushy)

drama which deserves to be seen by people who will appreciate it. But please don't rent it out from your local library assuming it's a sexploitation movie, (they even point out on the sleeve that it is by the director of ***Party Animal***), because it quite simply isn't.

If you've got into Chuck Norris movies (I thoroughly recommended ***Invasion USA*** last month, you may recall) then you won't want to miss *Code of Silence (Orion)* in which the ex-karate champ plays a cop sent to Coventry for blowing the proverbial whistle on a past-it colleague who is covering up having shot an innocent youth during a raid.

But that's just the sub-plot. Meanwhile wee Chuck is interposing himself in a mobsters' feud, and when no other officers will come to his assistance for the inevitable final shoot-out he pulls out a prototype police unmanned, microprocessor-brained mini armoured car.

Just for a change, the machinery actually manages to wipe

out even more baddies than the lethal Mr Norris — but then there are plenty of villains to go at, and then some. Nowhere near as unintentionally funny (or perhaps intentionally so) as ***Invasion USA***, ***Code of Silence*** is nevertheless well worth a night's rental for cop/action fans.

Finally this month, a quick word in favour of Aunty Beeb.

It is not always openly acknowledged in the video industry, but one thing which keeps the standards up higher than they might otherwise be is the quality (if you're fair, you have to admit it) of a great deal of what is shown on the box in the UK. The BBC, in case you hadn't noticed, also releases videos of some of its better programmes, and the appearance of a couple of favourites recently seems like a good opportunity to give the Beeb a quick plug.

The release of *Blake's 7 — Duel* now brings the video version up to somewhere around episode six of the first TV series, (***The Beginning*** was released some months ago), and sees the introduction of that irresistibly nasty Federation Supreme Commander Ser-

valan to plot against the rebel heroes. ***Blake's 7*** was very popular amongst TV sci-fi fans, and its aficionados have had no chance to see it for some years now — so if you're one of them, get down to the local video library fast.

Released more regularly (just imagine how much material is available) are full-length versions of the short ***Dr Who*** series, and the latest to hit the shelves is *The Robots of Death*. While some of the old black and white Patrick

Troughton adventures are wonderfully comical, Knave readers will probably more fully appreciate the vintage of this new release even more, as alongside Tom Baker it stars Louise Jameson as Leela. She, you will recall, was the primitive and muscular girl the Doctor picked up on his travels — the one always dressed in the fairly skimpy piece of chamois leather. Need I say more . . .?

Martyn Lester

The sultry Diana Ross and the weedy Wendy O. Williams would not generally be considered in the same breath, but as they're both female and both have videos out this month, we'll lump them together. Lump being a most appropriate word in Ms O. Williams case, but more of that later.

As expected with an artiste of Diana Ross' calibre, *Visions of Diana Ross (PMI, £9.99)* is a classy collection of promos all of a consistently high standard — sexy but never sordid.

The six singles included are the sum total of her output on Capitol Records since 1981, with the main attraction being her number one hit *Chain Reaction*. Almost as well-known — and rather better songs — are Michael Jackson's *Muscles* and the Brothers Gibb ditty *Eaten Alive*.

The latter is an up-beat, disco-type number and is much enhanced by some arty/artful images. Ross is at her prowling, seductive best, in devious disguise as a predatory cat-person stalking her (male) prey. The whole piece has a feline feel to it, and atmospheric use is made of muted shades and heavy monochrome shadows.

The black and white theme is also used to good effect for *Chain Reaction*, which on first sight appears to be original '60s footage, but on closer inspection proves to be a clever reconstruction/parody of the Ready Steady Go style, with Diana shedding 20 years quite convincingly. It's all in keeping with the early Motown (especially Supremes of course) influence of the tune.

Also fun is *Why Do Fools Fall In Love?*, a product of an even earlier decade, and featuring Ross as superstar, strutting down Hollywood Boulevard to the applause of a thousand extras — or very likely genuine fans. A most enjoyable 30

minutes.

Then there's Wendy O., WOW to her friends, who started her musical career after running away from home at 16 (but of course) and founding shock rock group the Plasmatics in

1978. The band never acutally played this country as their only organised gig was banned by the late lamented GLC because they objected to Wendy's plans to blow up a car on stage. Finicky, huh? Her solo act, *Wendy O. Williams* *(Embassy, £19.95)* was recorded last year at London's Camden Palace and is about as subtle as the chainsaw her roadies have to lug about with the guitars.

Few things have changed. Only the exploding Cadillac, shotgun and public masturbation have been toned down, result: an almost classically degenerate rock and roll act. She's still the nice 'n' sleazy showgirl, however, undressed up in a leather bra and G-string which defy the laws of gravity.

The songs are of the glitter/metal/pop variety with titles like *No Class, Jail Bait* and *Fuck 'n' Roll*. Motorhead's Lemmy, her perfect partner in musical crime, makes a guest appearance, adding vocals that are grating if not great. And although Wendy's car survives this set, a portable TV suffers a violent death at the lady's merciless hands. Rumours that Wendy is about to join the Nolans are thought to be without foundation.

To move from the marvellously manic to the suburbanly civilised, ageing 'supergroup'. Yes are rather surprisingly, still with us. Whether this lot feel the need to drag themselves and their considerable entourage on the road again from a financial point of view, artistically, or out of sheer boredom is debatable. But as they obviously do, Edmonton, Canada, was definitely the right place to go.

Anderson, Squire, etc. are at one with their auidence — conservatively fashion-conscious and a mutual politeness presumably born out of respect for each other's survival. The tediously high-pitched voice of Jon Anderson rings out of a massive laser-lit stage which bears more than a passing resemblence to one of the less imaginative sets from Star Wars.

The most (I hesitate only to say) interesting thing about [illegible] *(Polygram, £19.95)* is the work of a video company Charlex, who have created some extraordinary visual effects by intercutting old 'industrial' movies — 50's sex and social education for showing in schools and workplace — onto Pythonesque landscapes with the occasional square box of live musician floating through it. Mind-boggling stuff, but why fiddle with 'trendy' '50s images when the actual soundtrack is stuck in a tedious '70s timewarp?

File under one for old hippies who have undergone transformation into bank managers: there should be plenty of them about.

Ten years ago John Martyn, a Glaswegian blues guitarist, was regarded by folkie fans and critics alike as something of a cult figure. It is easy to see why — the quiet, bearded figure, uttering meaningful lyrics — the man is a musicians' musician. His audience on [illegible] *(Polygram)* is so deathly hushed in their respect you could hear a pin drop.

All of which doesn't get away from the fact that Martyn and his band for the best part of this concert were really deathly dull. Working with a bass, sax, guitar and drums outfit, the result was self-indulgent more than meticulous, though maybe his admirers would disagree. His classic blues voice is effective, his guitar-playing practised to perfection, but somehow even his more widely known numbers like *Big Muff* and *One World* seemed all to combine into a lengthy dirge. Shave off his beard and give him a Sigue Sigue Sputnik haircut, I say!

Sarah Lewis

KNAVE'S EYEBALL RATING

Comatose: Lack of sleep, strong sedative or very low interest quota. Either way, what the eye don't see, the heart don't grieve over.

Eyelids with rocks on: Fighting a powerful impulse to nod off. One eye cocked for the miraculous, but keep an alarm clock close by.

Double vision: Do not readjust the orbs. The forecast is improving. Sitting comfortably? Slight perspiration on the brow? Aroused?

The glow-worm: Rapid development of dormant faculties. (Possibly the result of having sat upon a drawing-pin). Very few secrets left.

Equatorial peepers: All the symptoms. Dilated pupils. Red neck. Wet shirt. Cold feet. Tall stalk/hot cavity. Reach optical boiling point.

Secret sex lives are no fun — so share your sexy stories with us! Drop us a lurid line or two, write to: Penpower, Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Don't forget that we pay £50 — yes, £50 — for the best letter each month, plus £5 for every other letter published. You won't get your money, though, if you don't give us your full name and address — in complete confidence, of course, we won't publish it. We're waiting — so get writing!

Rosetta Stoned

Glad to see a bit of colour in your mag at last. I am referring of course to Rosetta and what a rosy girl she is. She looks as if she's having so much fun — what were you doing to her in-between shorts? (Don't suppose there's any jobs going at Galaxy are there?)

One complaint though, we didn't see enough of her. I thought she looked fab in the leather mini skirt but I reckon what was underneath was even better. Maybe it was a calculated ploy to keep us looking and wondering? Well I've looked so much I'll be going blind soon. (But perhaps that's for another reason?)

Hope we're going to see some more darker girls in your future issue. I for one think they are as legendary as the reputation of black men. Don't let me down. — *J.B., Chester.*

Coralie — the stuff around which dreams are woven.

Chequered Approval

I'm twenty two years old, very shy and still a virgin. I haven't even had a girlfriend before. So, I must say the lovely models you feature in Knave each month always come as a very welcome sight.

My three favourites are Missy and Dahlia from Vol.17 No.5, and Coralie from Vol.17 No.9. At the end of the day it must be Coralie who comes out on top. All her pictures look great, but especially the main one on page 92.

It's the position which she's in that really turns me on. I've lost count of the times I've wished I was slipping my cock deep inside her warm wet hole. If the dream ever came true, I'd probably come in about two seconds flat!

Anyway will you please pass on my compliments to her and tell her that she's the prettiest looking lady I've seen. And you will at Knave please! please! please! try to get her to pose for you again. Maybe this time wearing only a pair of long black leather boots.

If you print this letter, please put the money towards getting Coralie back — *M.F., Newcastle.*

Uncommonly decent of you, consider your cheque well and truly diverted. If anyone else out there wants to eschew their financial reward, please return your cheque made payable to: Editorial beer fund — Ed.

Satisfied Customer

I wanna say something about Lorna (Best of Knave). She's . . . and she's . . . I'd like to . . . really . . . slowly . . . then . . . wow! — *Jim, Oban.*

Stella Adroit

Okay, so Stella's a dish (Knave Vol.18 No.3) up to and surpassing the usual standards for your Amateur Model slot.

However, I have the following complaints to make:

(1) You didn't give us her telephone number.

(2) The slur on the good name of Carlisle United Football Club is absolutely unforgivable.

(3) I come from Carlisle and have never come across Stella in any of the town pubs.

(4) I didn't like her ear-rings. — *S.P., Carlisle.*

In Praise Of The Pen

As a skin-diving, religious zealot, daily plunged into misery by my numerous sexual hang-ups, I found all the articles in Vol.18 No.3 totally offensive and utterly beyond the pale. Makes a refreshing change . . . keep up the tasteless work. — *Sidney, Chatham.*

Get 'Em On?

The women in your magazine are the best and the most alluring of your top-shelf competitors . . . But the cunts come too quick (in a manner of speaking). Invariably there's a couple of small clothed pictures then it's straight to cunts.

Why not slow things down?

continued on page 31

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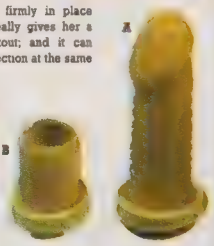

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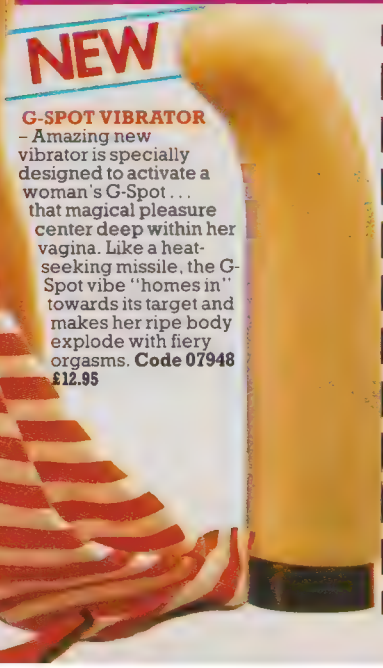

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The Groover's Guid

Attention all budding authors. If you want to break into the highly lucrative world of writing sex manuals, take careful note of Knave's resident literary whizz-kid and man of letters. JOHN GRANT (author of the respected tome 'Picking Up Infections') waxes lyrical on his next masterpiece . . .

Unless you're just pretending, the very fact that you're reading this book is proof that you're socially inadequate in one way or another. Before you can go about chatting up women successfully you have to eliminate your own inadequacies, and before you can do that you have to identify them. The aim of this chapter is to range over enough human failings that every reader will finish it comfortably reassured that he (or she, I suppose) is a suppurating mass of sexual unattractiveness.

Don't worry!

We all are.

As you've discovered if you've ever managed to successfully seduce a woman, sex is largely a matter of sitting around nakedly perplexed while she does her best to smother her uncontrollable laughter in the pillow or, worse, 'phones up her best friend and giggles for half an hour. Take it from one who knows. Yet all the filthy magazines to which you subscribe give the strong impression that sex is an intensely pleasurable experience.

Well, don't feel left out: the thing is that

e to Picking Up Girls

Illustration by Lin Jannet

THE GROOVER'S GUIDE TO PICKING UP GIRLS

Continued from previous page

they've been conning you. All in all, you might save yourself a great deal of time and effort if you took up crossword puzzles rather than joining in the sexual rat race. By use of some nifty question-and-answer sections, this chapter will cunningly convince the reader that, if the advice in the book doesn't work (and there's always that vague possibility that it might not), he's had a lucky escape.

Chapter 3: Conversational Gambits: Do You Understand the Term?

The most erotic organ in the human body is the brain — which is why so many of our readers have toothbrushes in their ears. The point is, of course, that wily conversational gambits are more likely to win the heart (or whatever) of a fair women than a whole cavalcade of macho gruntings, lewd gestures and drunken boasts. The trouble is, if you're reading this book, you have the conversational agility of the average stoat.

What can you do about this? Well, you can read this chapter and discover the secret tricks which enable you to *appear* to be a prestigious intellectual when in fact you haven't the first idea what you're talking about.

Chaper 4: After-Dinner Jokes — Some Sure-Fire Successes.

In case of confusion, it should be stressed at the outset that this chapter is about *telling* after-dinner jokes, not being one.

The art of telling an effectively seductive after-dinner joke is to ensure that it is just sufficiently saucy to turn the mind of your female companion(s) towards naughty thoughts but not so vulgar as to offend. Sometimes, though, it can be difficult to assess exactly where this line should be drawn — but not if you follow the guidelines set out here! Learn how to use such incredibly subtly suggestive jokes as:

Q: What happens when a hyena swallows an Oxo cube?

A: It makes a laughing stock of itself.

If you're having a little trouble discerning the sexual undercurrent inherent in that joke, turn back to Chapter 2.

Chapter 5: Aphrodisiacs — Horns of Plenty.

As anyone who has ever studied the subject in depth can tell you, there are very few foods indeed which do not have aphrodisiac properties. To the unsuspecting, this situation can create serious dangers: a cheese sandwich, containing the potent substances cheese, butter and flour, is in fact a highly charged sexual stimulant; and you should look warily at the next glass of water with which you are presented. However, after reading this chapter you should be so clued up on the entire subject that you'll know exactly the *right* aphrodisiac to use on the *right* person at the *right* time — thereby avoiding pitfalls such as offering a vegan woman a fistful of raw liver in the moments immediately preceding orgasm.

A special ancillary section will tell you what to do to calm yourself down if you accidentally swallow one of your own concoctions.

Chapter 6: The Garlic Dilemma.

In the preceding chapter it will have been noted that garlic is a powerful stimulant to virility and male sexuality. It might therefore seem obvious that the best thing to do before a party is to guzzle down a few cloves, so that when you arrive you will be glowing with so much earthy sensuality that the women will flock to you. *However* — and it's a big 'however' (over twice as big as a 'but', for example) — the scent of garlic on your breath can be, shall we say, counter-productive.

What is a foot-loose and fancy-free young groover to do? This important question is tackled head-on in this rivetingly exciting chapter. Garlic is considered from every possible angle — there is even a reprinted excerpt from a gastro-intestinal tract — and all its pros and cons weighed. There is consideration of the various ways of disguising the odour, as well as a survey of more radical approaches, such as intravenous and/or rectal dosage.

Chapter 7: Political Attitudes: Make Sure You Have Some.

It's difficult to discuss the rights and wrongs of proportional representation in a discotheque, but it can be done. And it's worth it. Survey after survey has shown that the liberated, articulate, intelligent women of the 1980s require their sexual partners to be able to expound authoritatively on all the great socio-political issues of the day.

This can be something of a nuisance if you've always thought that politics were parasites infesting college students. But don't worry! This chapter is precisely designed for the needs of today's political ignoramus: it predicts confidently the 'in' ideology of tomorrow. You may not particularly want to be a sociopath, but if it pulls the birds then obviously it's a small price to pay.

Chapter 8: Class Clothing for Raving Groovers.

Down all the long millennia, carefully selected clothing has played a major role in attracting female attention to the male of the species. Recent archaeological discoveries in Kenya, for example, have revealed that as long ago as four million years BC our ancestors were squabbling over how high on the hips the slit at the side of one's furs could respectably go. Things haven't changed all that much — although now it's the women who wear the slashed dresses. This throbbingly urgent chapter is tailored to the dress needs of the 1980s, and contains a survey of 'in' places to buy your clothing, garments with subliminal erotic effects, and the latest statistical results concerning the most efficacious nature and size of the codpiece. A special section tells you how to shrink you own Levis without inflicting a permanent disability.

Chapter 9: Eating Out: How to Stay Suave After Tennessee Stewed Chicken, and Sober After Twelve Pints of Guinness.

There can be no bones about it: it is difficult to seduce a woman while you are suffering the early stages of gastro-enteritis. Yet the soothingly bright strip-lighting and the restful decor of the Tennesse Stewed Chicken restaurant beckoneth many a young lover . . .

What can you do? Extensive research has shown that the best solution is to learn: *How to control your own food-poisoning symptoms by using the techniques of biofeedback.* OK, so the discipline has an unfortunate name in this context, but don't knock it until you've tried it. And always bear in mind that the subject of your attentions is suffering from exactly the same difficulties — so you're not alone in your inner torment.

Also covered in this gushingly urgent chapter is the matter of performing as if you were sober when in fact you are plastered out of your skull — including the knotty problem of avoiding having to go the lavatory every three minutes. This is a chapter with real guts.

Chapter 10: Brassières: Don't Panic!

Many a promising nascent seduction has foundered because of the incredible difficulty of extracting a young woman from her brassière without using a chain-saw. It's hard to believe that an expert can manage it with only a casual-seeming flick of the wrist. The great problem for the amateur is that so few women are willing to let you spend a happy afternoon practising those arcane skills.

The great message of this chapter is: *Don't panic!* By use of the most advanced techniques of paper sculpture, this book provides you with a special pop-up model of a female torso (unfortunately omitted from this edition), complete with simulated cloth-like brassière and pocket microcomputer. You can have all the fun of becoming a veritable Houdini — and all in the privacy of your own home.

Other questions answered in this searingly frank chapter include: "How the hell do they get the things *on* in the first place?" "Can tights be exorcized?" and "How useful is it to practice with a bull-worker?"

Appendix 1: Acne.

Women can spot a guy with acne a mile away, but does it automatically have to turn them off? *No!* — not if you're prepared to regard your acne as a strength rather than a weakness. For example, you can number all the spots, hand her a ball-point pen, and watch her expression of nausea turn to one of rapture as she draws for herself the tastefully erotic sketch you've designed to suit the contours of your face. This vital appendix is packed with useful suggestions.

Appendix 2: Breast-Fondling for Beginners.

If you've bought this book, you've probably always wondered what those lumpy bits on ladies' chests are actually for. Don't they get in the way when the gals are shaving?

Wonder no longer. This book fearlessly sweeps away centuries of incomprehension and with gratuitous frankness desribes the anatomy and physiology of the female breast, as well as the uses to which it can be put — even that curious lumpy bit on the end. Once you've read this exciting appendix you'll be confident in the knowledge that you'll be as suave and debonair as the next man when a woman first takes pity on you.

Sorry there's no Appendix 3 on what to do next, but . . . well . . . perhaps if someone at the publisher knows . . . ■

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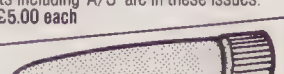

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LINNEA

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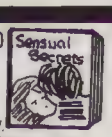

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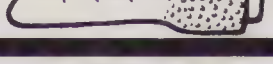

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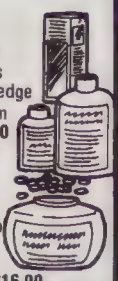

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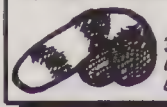

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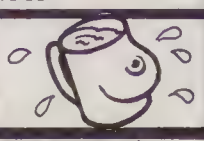

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Readers

More stringy blouses, bras and panties — not sexy, i.e. not suspenders and stockings so much as good old plain Marks & Sparks, B.H.S., etc. knickers and bras. Of course the poses can be as erotic as ever in the rest of the photographs. In fact, they will be enhanced by the earlier glimpses of white knickers hinting at what is to follow. — *M.H., Edinburgh.*

What is it about Edinburgh? We've been getting some peculiar letters from up there just recently. Marks & Sparks knickers indeed! Do you think the classy women we adorn our pages with are going to agree to anything as downmarket as that? Even if they did, do you think that we'd want to pin knickers like that up on our trophy board? We're not weird fetishists (well not all of us are) we're well adjusted, we like our undies diaphanous and diaphanous they're gonna stay. Christ, we'll be getting requests for y-fronts next! — Ed.

Room With A View

Our house overlooks a small courtyard just across from the village inn, which in summer does a busy trade in tourists.

In hot weather the guests often leave their bedroom curtains undrawn and the windows open. My wife Connie and I have become used to seeing various sexual activities.

Last week, a couple in one of the bedrooms had several humping sessions but as these took place under the sheets there was nothing for us to get particularly excited about.

However, during the evening of Monday, I saw another women come into the room with the wife and for a while they both sat on the edge of the bed chatting.

After a while the other women, a blonde girl, lay back and the darker haired wife casually laid her hand on her own thigh. This had an immediate effect on the blonde who spread her legs wide and drew her skirt up to her hips to reveal an absence of knickers and, as far as I could tell, an almost hairless quim.

The wife lost no time in dropping her slacks and panties to lie back alongside her friend. Gently, they both fingered themselves — laughing and joking; then as they rolled their hips, opening and closing their legs, I could see that it was getting to a more serious stage.

I called Connie through to watch and sure enough they soon showed obvious signs of reaching orgasm. They were still lying on their backs, their fingers moving slowly — which suited us well as we could get a clear view of wet fingers sliding through the dark pubic hair of the one and the bare folds of the other.

By this time I was standing close behind Connie with my arms round her, caressing her tits. She was getting randy too and her bum started pressing hard against my rigid prick.

> ***"They were obviously intent on prolonging the pleasure as long as possible and in no hurry to climax."***

Meanwhile, across the court, the masturbation continued in a leisurely way. They were obviously intent on prolonging the pleasure as long as possible and in no hurry to climax.

The reason was soon revealed as the bedroom door opened. The man walked in and it was apparent that he knew what to expect when both women got up and started to kiss him with, I was surprised to note, their fingers still doing their sensual work in by now juicy cunts.

As the girls started to undress the man, I also eased Connie's pants down over her hips where they slipped to her ankles. Stepping out of them, she slightly parted her slim legs, reached round and unzippped my trousers. Deliberately, she eased my weapon out; leaning forward with hands on the window sill she prepared for me to enter her inner sanctuary.

By this time, the man opposite was lying naked on his bed. The wife got onto the bed and straddled her husband, lowering her cunt over him until just the top of his glistening red knob was inside her. She paused until her companion sat facing her astride the man's head. Then they began to fondle their breasts, pressing down their quims onto his prick and his mouth.

Taking them as an example, we too were having a slow fuck so that we could watch the events across the way. I had just gone in from behind. Delicately, I edged through the folds of Connie's quim a fraction at a time, enjoying the caress of the warm wet skin along my taunt shaft. When I was fully inserted Connie asked me to withdraw just as slowly and then repeat the whole process, over and over, until neither of us could hold out any longer.

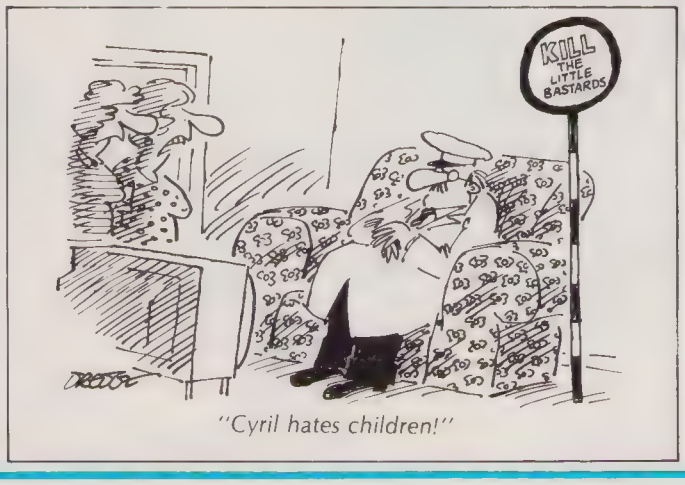
This proved not to be very long as the effect of watching the sensual plunging of the dark girl and the vigorous tonguing being received by the blonde was almost too much. It was obvious that their climax was close and we increased the speed of our own actions to match. The man began to jerk like a mad thing, the girls went rigid, gasping in passionate eruptions as they all seemed to come together.

Seconds later I felt Connie tighten her cunt round me as I pumped faster and faster against her yielding buttocks. We came in wave after wave of sperm and cunt juice which trickled down our thighs when we uncoupled. Connie turned to face me and we ended a marvellous fuck with a long embrace as our slithering hands caressed each other. This time we noticed we were being watched by the three in the inn who had contributed so much to our pleasure.

> ***"The man began to jerk like a mad thing, the girls went rigid, gasping in passionate eruptions as they all seemed to come together."***

I wonder if they would be game for a fivesome? — *P.J., Edinburgh.*

What's all this about open windows? Surely Edinburgh's not warm enough for that, not even in summer. — Ed.



"Cyril hates children!"

Business Contact

I'm the assistant manager of a factory on the local industrial estate, making packaging materials, and a couple of weeks ago I had the job of showing one of the auditors around. After a day spent checking the books, the auditor — let's call him Eric — asked me what Ipswich had to offer by way of entertainment, so I recommended a few places I knew.

"I don't suppose you're free tonight?" he asked, looking pointedly at my wedding ring.

"As a matter of fact I am," I said. "My husband's in Zurich, chasing sales."

We met in the foyer of the Wolsley theatre, moving on quickly to the bar. We had about an hour before the play began, and we found it easy to relax in one another's company; by the time we went into the auditorium we felt we'd known one another for years. I suppose it was then I first got the idea of sleeping with him.

I invited him back for coffee afterwards, nothing definite in

continued on page 67

Illustration by Penny Olymbios

How to Produce a Complete and Utter Idiot

— with only seven years of full-time education . . .

Education is in a lamentable state. The schools are full of unwashed scruffy gits looking for trouble – even the pupils aren't up to much. PAUL LOBKOWITZ, Ph.D., Th.D., T.S.B., D.D.T., R.S.P.C.B., puts on battle fatigues and gets down to a spot of investigative reporting.

One of the most common charges levelled against academic life is that it has no connection whatsoever with 'the real world' (wherever that is). Deep thinkers like myself are supposed to spend all their time cooped up in ivory towers, estranged from the knotty problems everyone else faces in their daily struggle for existence. This is quite simply not true — life at the University of Fortis Green is as red in tooth and claw as anything one might find in the jungles of Borneo or the stock exchanges of London. There's always some jumped-up young kid snapping at your heels, some cocky young bastard who thinks that he is cleverer than you and wants your job. Right now, I've got this trouble with Dr Brian Thrust. He's twenty-seven, has five PhDs, knows all there is to know about histrionic semiology and wants my cushy job. His threat is compounded by the fact this his attractive young wife Trixie is rumoured to be sleeping with my faculty head, Professor Swifty McGurk. It seems that she will allow McGurk into her bed if he allows Dr Thrust into my chair.

Dr Thrust is, of course, a prolific author. Virtually every month, he has another article in the highly prestigious 'International Boring Journal With No Pictures In'. I haven't even had a reader's letter in a men's magazine since my prize-winning account of 'My Seminar With Three Keats-Crazed College Girls' in this very august organ a few years ago. He has had six books out in the last week, and I haven't even completed an academic paper since my thesis on the *Role of the Digestive Biscuit in a Post-Industrial Context* two years ago. And my last book, a children's work called *The Pop-Up Book of Pimples*, was remaindered back in the seventies. I really need to get my act together, I really need to find a hot subject for another of my in-depth expose pieces. I have to produce something useful, important, meaningful and relevant, and I have to produce it damn quick.

I hit upon the subject of the British Educational System by pondering the recent decline in the basic intellectual levels of my students. Not only does the average undergraduate not know what the Fourth Article of the Treaty of Utrecht (1714) was, but he is ignorant also of such essential skills as spelling, adding up, knowledge of the capital of Uruguay (yes, you and I know it's Valparaiso, but who else does?), and elementary trout-gutting practices in ancient Fiji. All this would have been punishable by keel-hauling and sodomy at my old school — (St. Custard's) — so what has happened? I must admit that, after graduation, most of my students manage to gain some facility in signing their names once a fortnight, but otherwise they appear to have almost no practical abilities whatsoever. What has happened to a system of schooling that was once the envy of a lot of foreigners? I decided that this would be

HOW TO PRODUCE A COMPLETE AND UTTER IDIOT

Continued from previous page

the subject of my next study, and I set out on my researches . . .

My first visit was to Corporation Tip Comprehensive, where the youth of that fine and picturesque industrial town of Sludgwater, Herts., are tutored in preparation for life. CTC is a fine old establishment, with cheerful swirls of barbed wire atop its stout twenty-foot walls. Ronnie Perrott, the headmaster, is a teacher of the Old School. The Old School was knocked over a few years ago to make room for the erection of a *Big Chuck's Burger Trough*, and the present site, once used for the processing of nuclear waste, is the only building the council could afford to relocate it in. Perhaps because no-one has bothered to take down the Ministry of Defence notices ('Our Weapons System Works Better Because It's Biological!', 'Trespassers Will be Shot'), this august establishment is fondly known by its staff and pupils alike as Hell Hill 45, or The Combat Zone. I was ushered into the Headmaster's Bunker by his adjutant, and we settled down among the sandbags for the interview.

Lobkowitz: What kind of exam results do you get?

Perrott: I got a couple of 'O' levels . . . even one Grade B. Very proud, I was . . .

Lobkowitz: No, not you personally. I mean the school as a whole.

Perrott: So do I.

Lobkowitz: You mean to tell me that last year you got only two or three 'O' levels, from out of four hundred pupils?

Perrott: Yeah. There was a big upswing last year, it was a very brainy group. One of our school leavers even has a job, I believe . . . well, he's on one of those Youth Traning Schemes, but someone has to crawl up those chimneys, I suppose. Victorian values, you know.

***"The headmaster is a teacher of the Old School. The Old School was knocked over a few years ago to make a* Big Chuck's Burger Trough . . ."**

Lobkowitz: Have you been hit by the government spending cuts?

Perrott: Not really . . . have you got ten pence for the meter? Hey, is that paper you're writing on? I haven't seen any of that since 1979. Could I just touch a sheet? Please?

Lobkowitz: Well . . .

Perrott: Oh, go on . . . Ahhh, thank you. That's wonderful. It has lines on it. This brings back so many happy memories. We used to have whole books full of this stuff. Ahh well, how things change, eh?

Lobkowitz: What do your pupils write on now?

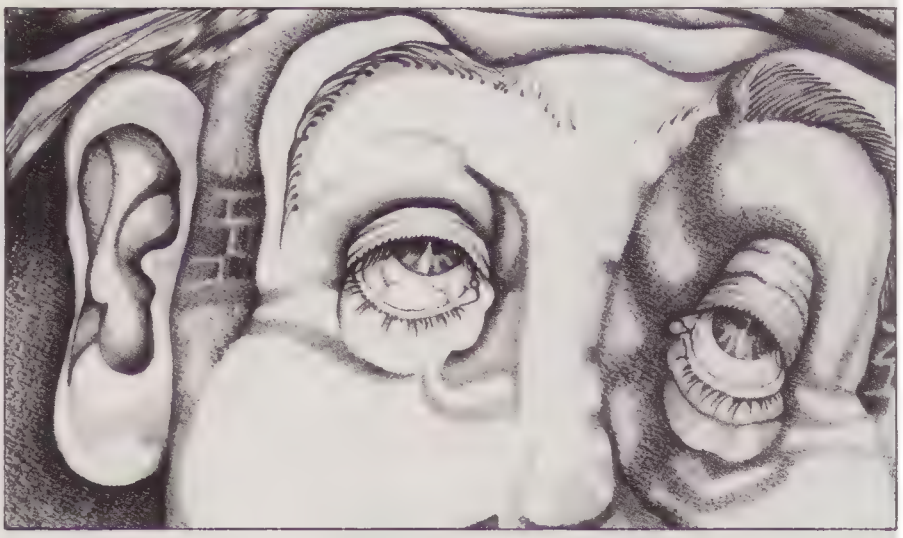
Perrott: Each other, mostly. And the walls, of course. One of our fourth formers is getting an Arts Council grant for his impressionist graffiti. You must visit the boys' toilets and see his deeply moving study 'Tottenham Are Wankers'.

Lobkowitz: Do you have any problems with violence in the classroom?

Perrott: No, I'm getting rather good at it. Do you want to see some of my kills? Fifteen kids, last week.

Lobkowitz: Don't the parents mind?

Perrott: No, they're too busy watching television and getting drunk.



Lobkowitz: If you were Minister of Education, what changes would you make to improve the situation?

Perrott: Send in the troops. That way, we might be able to retake the gym by Christmas. I'd like to lay down some heavy flak on the car park, then bring the paras in. We'd sustain losses in the chemistry labs, but I think there would be a good change of regaining control over the geography room . . .

Emerging from Corporation Tip with the sound of bursting shells still ringing in my ear, I was briefly hospitalised and treated for mustard gas poisoning before proceeding to my next appointment. I called upon Dr Jack Doom, a typical English Public School Headmaster, and was ushered into his Jacuzzi-cum-study at Beeton College For The Sons of Rich Tories. As I sat down in a plushly upholstered armchair, I was cheered to hear the reassuring thwack of English willow on leather resounding across the playing fields as the First XI relaxed in the showers after a game of cricket.

Lobkowitz: Has public school life changed since *Tom Brown's Schooldays*?

Doom: Of course, Paul. We're a lot more up to date and with it these days. We aren't hampered by any of those ridiculous old customs and lunatic rituals you might have heard about, and we're totally committed to an understanding of modern youth-culture. We even allow the boys to play Beatle's records after prep on gorry-gorry day.

Lobkowitz: Do you still maintain the fagging system?

Doom: No, of course not. We crack down very hard on smoking.

Lobkowitz: I mean . . .

Doom: I know, I know. I was just making a little joke. Us headmasters aren't all humourless, sadistic sociopaths, you know. Fagging is gone with the wind, chum. We've relaxed our system a lot in recent years, and have gone in for a more free-thinking, libertarian, quasi-anarchic, non-structured set-up whereby the younger boys are the complete and utter slaves of the older boys. Of course, this prepares them for positions of leadership in the army, the navy, the church and prison. Believe me, all the best archdeacons were buggered as boys, and you can't really rise to the rank of Field Marshal unless you've had to shine shoes with your tongue for three years.

Lobkowitz: So you don't get young boys being roasted over open fires these days?

Doom: Good Lord, no, my old Egg McMuffin! We had electricity put in five years ago.

Lobkowitz: Do you still have houses?

Doom: What the hell else do you expect us to live in, tents? Oh, I know what you mean. Houses. Yes, we're proud of our houses. We have five, all named after great British heroes — Castlereagh, Lucan, Profumo, Stonehouse and Thatcher.

Lobkowitz: And which is the best house?

Doom: We don't have such petty rivalries here.

Lobkowitz: But which costs the most to get into?

Doom: Oh, you mean Thatcher. That's only for the sons of people whose families are favourably mentioned in the Domesday Book. Lucan is for the scholarship scum. Nasty clever little bastards with spotty botties and runny noses. Can't stand the stench of 'em. Still, they boost our academic records mightily. Thanks to those brainy little catamites, we're almost as good as Corporation Tip when it comes to exam results.

Lobkowitz: And do you admit girls?

Doom: Oh yes, funny chaps, girls. Of course, we take them in now. We'll let them out again if their parents pay the ransom.
Lobkowitz: Does Beeton have any famous old boys?
Doom: No, most of our boys are eleven, fourteen, that sort of age.
Lobkowitz: But which past pupils are you proudest of?
Doom: Oh, no question about that, old fruitbat. Colonel Gadafy. He was a wicked fast bowler and a whizz on the debating team. A warm glow goes through the entire staff every time we hear that he's holding the entire Western world to ransom. That's what I call the school spirit.

Next, I bicycled round to Liberty Valley, a specialist school for rich and badly behaved children. I squeezed into the Range Rover that was serving as the office of the Sort-of-a-Bit-More-Important-Than-The-Others-Master Gandalf Steppenwolf. He made the peace sign, passed me a funny cigarette and took a Grateful Dead tape out of his Walkman to do the interview.
Steppenwolf: Heyy, man, this is real good shit. Have a toot on that, man.
Lobkowitz: No thank you, I'm trying to give up. What do you believe in here at Liberty Valley?
Steppenwolf: Shit, man, Liberty of course. L for Love. I for Idealism. B for Borrogrove. E for Equality. R for Rose-Tinted Spectacles. And Y for Yodelling, man.
Lobkowitz: What about T?
Steppenwolf: A drink with jam and bread, asshole.
Lobkowitz: But what do you teach?
Steppenwolf: Free expression — well, when I say free, it's actually like five grand a year plus whatever else we can screw out of the rich mummies and daddies — but you know, we go for everthing kind of loose. No discipline, no uniforms, no meals, no dormitories. None of that materialist crappo. If you can fork out the extra bread, we'll lay on more yoghurt and euryhthmics, and, oh wow, we even got books, you know. It's not my bag, personally, all that book stuff, but some people are really into reading and shit. We have a real gone library for cats like that. There's great acoustics for reggae.
Lobkowitz: What about exam results?
Steppenwolf: We get all the Cambridge Board papers every year, and use them in our origami courses. What's this one, eh?
Lobkowitz: It looks a bit like a cockroach.
Steppenwolf: No, man, that's Biology Part Two.
Lobkowitz: Don't you think it's important to give your kids some paper qualifications?
Steppenwolf: Paper qualifications? Don't hand me any of that mind-blowing bad trip fodder, cousin. My moon is in Pluto, so things are liable to be real hairy for me the next couple of days.
A Passing Pupil: Hey, Gandalf, what's like, five times seven?
Steppenwolf: Hey, Justin, don't look at it like that. We don't go in for square maths here. We got a way to make it exciting and relevant to young minds. You want to think different. Like, you got five grammes of coke, and you're dealing each g at like seven quid a throw. How much do you clear?
Pupil: Have I cut the coke or not?
Steppenwolf: Well, that's between you and your sense of business ethics. See, Paul, this is training for life. Or, a five to ten stretch with time off for good behaviour, at least.

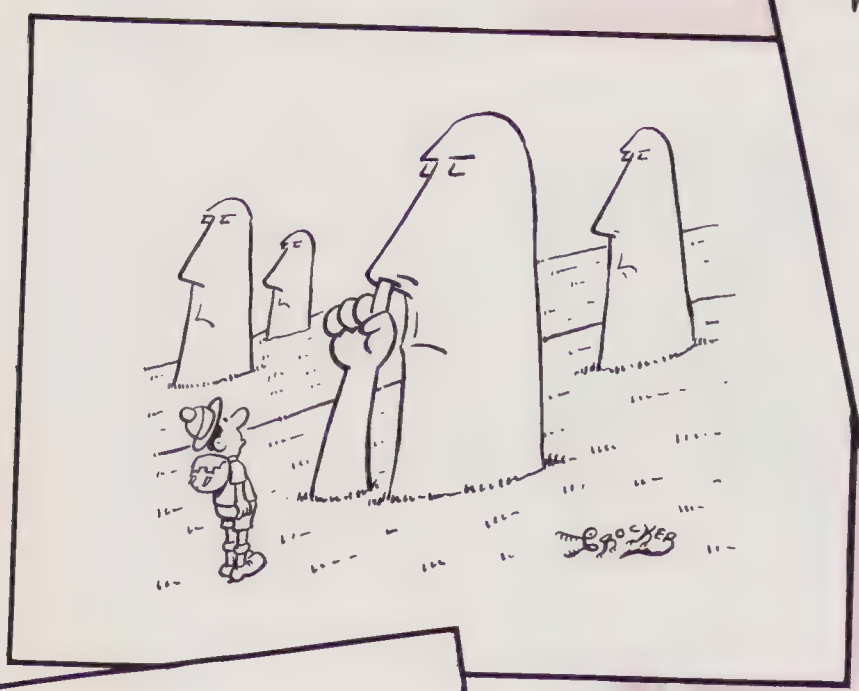
"Rioting schoolgirls were being quelled by nuns with alsatians, sjamboks and CS gas."

Lobkowitz: How many lessons a day do you personally teach?
Steppenwolf: I take assembly. I read something from the Good Book. This morning, we were at the bit were Bilbo is in Rivendell and like Elrond lays on him that he's going to have to waste the ring. Then, we all sang the Nicaraguan National Anthem to chime bars.
Lobkowitz: What sort of parents spend all their money sending their children here?
Steppenwolf: Oh, like, rock stars, footballers, alternative comedians, expensive call girls . . .
Lobkowitz: Can I take a look at your timetable?
Steppenwolf: Oh, wow, like we have it carved in a sundial just under the old oak. Near the magic mushroom patch.
Lobkowitz: What's a typical day like?
Steppenwolf: Oh, first, the kids get into Assembly. Then, after they've worked it all out and are really grooving, we troop them into Advanced Dungeons and Dragons. Then there's the mid-morning break, and we hand out tabs of acid so that they can learn from the wisdom of the trees. Most of our best teachers are trees. Then, they get really into letting it all hang out, and we give them instruction in Civil Disobedience. Then, interpersonal relationships — you know, sex and stuff — then glue-sniffing, buddhism and muesli, then crochet. Finally, there's a double period of crashing out.
Lobkowitz: And what to your pupils get out of this?
Steppenwolf: Fucked, man. Totally, irrevocably fucked. Today's Liberty Valley kid is tomorrow's Basket Case. And we're proud of the little shit for it.

Finally, I was granted the absolution necessary to allow me into a respectable Convent School for Girls, The College of Saint Tina the Chaste (the Incredibly Chaste, the Ridiculously Virginal and Heroically Tight-Kneed) located on McDrean Island off the coast of Scotland. I was ferried over by nuns in their war-suplus German U-Boat. As I approached, there was something of a commotion on the beach. Rioting schoolgirls were being quelled by nuns with alsatians, sjamboks and CS gas.
Lobkowitz: What's going on?
Sister Purity: You're the first man the girls have seen in years. Apart from Father O'Malley, and he wears a frock.
Lobkowitz: Surely, you mean a cassock?
Sister Chasity: No, a frock. He's one of those Transhumances, you know.
Lobkowitz: So, where is the college?
Sister Faith: Across the minefield and through the wire, over the compound and behind the bars . . .
Lobkowitz: How long have you nuns been here? Why did you choose this isolated, desolate, uninviting, inhospitable and practically lethal island as the place to put a school?
Sister Frigidity: To keep the girls out of Temptation.
Lobkowitz: You mean that, in other surroundings, their minds would drift to non-spiritual desires?
Sister Repression: No, we mean that by keeping them out of the way up here they don't realise that there are lots of nicer schools their parents could send them to.
Lobkowitz: What about holidays?
Sister Neurosis: You mean Holy Days of Obligation, when the girls spend all day at mass whipping each other? We have lots of those.
Lobkowitz: No, I mean when they are encouraged to have fun and enjoy themselves.
Sister Hatred: We let them out when it's raining sometimes, but only very occasionally.
Lobkowitz: And do you have a good academic record?
Sister Loathing: No, not really. We're not really high fliers. We only got fifteen 'A' levels last year.
Lobkowitz: That's not too bad by some standards.
Sister Despair: There were one or two girls who only got fourteen. They are doing penance in the school salt mines.
Lobkowitz: And what is the religious principle of the school?
Sister Death: We're expecting the Day of Judgement very shortly. After a few years in this place, our girls will find Hell on Earth something of a relief.

And so there you have it. British Education. However, depressing as my findings were I did manage to think up a way out of my immediate predicament. While I was at the Ministry of Education doing a little research, I got into the files and did a sport of doctoring the records. As a result, I am now the Head of my Department, Professor Swifty McGurk is Junior Maths Teacher/Hand Grenade monitor at Corporation Tip Comprehensive, Dr Brian Thrust is Third Assistant Pederast/Cricket Pitch Flattener at Beeton, and Trixie Thrust is atoning for her promiscuity in the bowels of the earth under St. Tina's. All that is left is for me to consider those ancient words of wisdom which so aptly sum up the schools of our country: 'Give me a child for seven years, and I'll give you a blubbering psychotic for life.

LAUGH WITH



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THE KNAVE INTERVIEW:

William Gibson

Science fiction moves into its own future. The old order crumbles as cyberpunks create new realities in the memories of word processing computers. The old writers are dying, long live the neuromantics. NEIL GAIMAN meets William Gibson: multi award-winning young SF author.

Awards don't mean anything. Not really. But when a book wins every award possible in its field, from the most avant garde to the hyper-traditional you can be sure that it must have something going for it. *Neuromancer* is the name of the book.

William Gibson is currently the hottest thing in science fiction. He's an American author resident in Canada, a young-looking thirty-seven who reminds me of a taller, thinner, Clark Kent. He never expected to win the Hugo, the Nebula, and the Philip K. Dick awards for a first novel.

Neuromancer is a post-punk science fiction novel, of a hi-tech, glossy future, which takes place partly in the 'Sprawl' (an urban mass covering the East Coast of America) and partly in 'cyberspace', a computer generated consensual hallucination. It's all glossy and weird, while having the feel of a thriller — Fleming, say, or Deighton.

William Gibson is in England for the hardback release of his latest novel, *Count Zero*. He seems rather bemused by everything; having somehow backed into the limelight he appears quite content to be feted, while knowing it isn't real.

We're down in the basement boardroom of Gollancz; on the way down the girl tells me that Frank Herbert died that morning. L. Ron Hubbard died last week. The old guard of science fiction bow off stage, and the neuromantics inherit the Earth.

It's sort of silly, the attempts to coin a word to link the fiction: Neuromantic authors, cyberpunks . . . it doesn't seem to mean anything. Neither does *science fiction* for that matter. It's just the stuff on the SF shelves in W.H. Smith's.

Gibson is laid back as only an American can be. He's cool. I turn on my Sanyo Microcassette Recorder, and ask him how it all started. Tell me the story of your life, Bill. How did you become a cyberpunk? An award-winning cyberpunk?

Photographs by John Copthorne

"My father was an engineer of some kind. He was involved in I think installing the plumbing at the Oak Ridge Project. I grew up with these strange family legends about Oak Ridge and how tight the security was there — a whole little mythos of government paranoia, which I think I may still be taking advantage of in my writing. And we travelled a lot because of his job, we were constantly moving around the Southern U.S. He died when I was about 8 or 9, and my mother took me back to this very tiny town in Virginia where she was from. I stayed there until I was 15 or 16, and I really had the archetypal SF writer childhood: the geek who can't play baseball, sits indoors and reads books, socially maladjusted.

"It was the kind of place where you really couldn't get books, no public library, one newstand which I would go to wistfully every day hoping that by some miracle a new magazine would have come out, although I knew to the hour

THE WILLIAM GIBSON INTERVIEW

Continued from previous page

when the new magazines would arrive.

"I was saved from that by being shipped out to a sleazy boarding school in Arizona. I didn't do any better in my studies when I got there, but it did bring me out of myself. The place was full of fuck-ups from all over the country, middle-class boys who hadn't made it in high school whose parents had packed them off to this decaying sort of cowboy school outside of Tucson. It was very good for me, the first I'd seen of the world outside of this decaying little backwater, sort of Southern Lovecraftian.

"I was about to graduate from this school when my mother died, and then I got into what by today's standards was very mild trouble with drugs in the school and was expelled. Since I was eighteen my number was basically up for the draft: I was vulnerable to that and I didn't want to go. I had a case of real physical cowardice, and I went to live in Canada, although I was never called up for the draft and never had to suffer the legal implications of having done that. I've been living there more or less ever since. I don't feel comfortable in the US. I don't feel Canadian, though, either.

"I was expecting to spend the rest of my life going to conventions and things, getting shunned as an artsy-fartsy weirdo."

"When I got to Canada I didn't work or anything, as when I went there it was high hippy days. People didn't have careers. People who had careers were screwed up. You just *were*. Preferably you *were* in a pretty fashionable sort of way (although no-one would have used that term then). Then I met a woman from Vancouver, got married and moved back to Vancouver with her because she wanted to finish her university degree. I didn't have anything to do so I started getting a B.A. in English because it was the course of least resistance — I never intended to be an English teacher or anything. That's pretty much my life. The last seven years I've done nothing but write SF."

How did he start?

"I was forced to. It was my last year at University, and I was taking an SF course as a kind of padding: at the time I was taking some really demanding courses, and I was making an animated film (at the time I thought that was my career, doing experimental animations). I took up some slack with this SF course, and I knew the woman who was teaching it fairly well and she didn't mind if I didn't turn up for the lectures as I knew it all anyway.

"But there was a term paper required and I didn't want to write a term paper, and she said 'Why don't you write a story instead? I'll give you a mark on it as if it were a term paper.' So I did, and it was bloody and painful because I'd never written a word of fiction, and it took me about three months to do this tiny little story, *Fragments of a Hologram Rose*.

"Having written it she made me submit it professionally, but I copped out and sold it to a semi-professional magazine who snapped it up for a staggering $24. Having sold it I expected the car from the Nobel prize to come over to my house, and of course nothing happened, and I dropped the whole thing. Then there was an SF convention a few blocks from my house where I had the good fortune to meet an American writer named John Shirley, who was a really nice guy and a long way from your average American SF writer, at least the ones I'd met up till then. He said 'What do you do?' and I said 'uh . . . I'm an SF writer.' He said 'Are you writing anything now.' and I said 'Sure!' So I went home and started writing again, and he read it and forced me to submit it. It sold to Terry Carr's *Universe* series.

"Then Shirley forced me to submit a story to Omni, and sort of I think edged it out of the slush pile and said 'You should read this!' so they did and they bought it. That was more overwhelming than winning a Nebula or anything. I immediately cashed the cheque and went to New York for a week to see the people who had bought my story.

"Since then they've pretty well had all the short fiction that I've done. There are disadvantages to that too — one of my ambitions now is to write stuff that Omni won't buy. I'd like to try other markets. At this point I no longer have the excuse of the money. It used to be I'd end up starving my children if I refused to sell to Omni."

Later, when the photos are being taken, as we are wandering around Covent Garden, he tells me he got a call from his wife last night. The film rights to *Neuromancer* had just sold for $100,000. Nice.

Neuromancer was commissioned by American editor Terry Carr, for his 'Ace Specials' series. The advance was small, the effort was phenomenal; his initial outline was rejected, and if he hadn't had a great deal of moral support, and much nagging, the book would never have been finished.

What made *Neuromancer* different?

"I had a sort of chip on my shoulder about SF as it's mostly written — although it applies more more to the US than the U.K. I had to write these 300 some pages, and a part of me said 'Why don't you have fun with these? Why don't you write something like what you'd always wanted to read yourself, but couldn't get.' Once I'd decided to do that I got this lightheaded feeling like I was on an aesthetic suicide mission — a kamikaze art job,

looking forward to the incredible backlash of anger and incomprehension from the SF community.

"That's why, when all these awards started to happen I really felt puzzled. I still do sometimes. You see, it's not my dream career. It's a nice one to have, but my daydream career was to become a 3rd-rate North American J.G. Ballard, where I'd think 'Maybe — someday — they'll like me in France.

"I was expecting to spend the rest of my life going to conventions and things, getting shunned as an artsy-fartsy weirdo. They'd all do that, and I'd sneer at them. That was my fantasy, to be loathed and despised in North America. I was sure that was the way it was going to go. Then I started getting the awards.

"The Dick I understood because it's a jury of four people, and it goes to things that are slightly offbeat. That was fine, I thought, I've won the weird Dick award, this is good. Then came the Nebula — I thought, shit! This is strange. But I thought there must be a lot of frustration about . . . I was sure it was a kind of 'Fuck You Heinlein' vote, putting down their forebears.

"Then came the Hugo award. I didn't

want to get that — in fact I spoke to some friends about it, and we agreed it would be too much stuff at once. We figured it would look really good if I lost it then won it five years down the road.

"But I don't think I would have won if the World Science Fiction Convention (where the Hugo awards are voted on) had been held in America. It was held in Australia last year, so there weren't that many Americans there."

What Gibson and latterly the other cyberpunk authors (don't you just love that word, cyberpunk? It sounds like it ought to be describing some new Dr Who villains. Cybermen with mohicans and ripped leather jackets . . .) have done is to take as the starting point for the fiction, in fact to write about, the hardware and the trends of the 1970s and 1980s.

"That's how I write — it's a case of drawing on the reality around me, seeing all sorts of weird shit, then transmuting it into fiction. That was where things really took off. I started going out and looking for material, while other SF writers sat at home and dreamed. It's going to take me months to digest these ten days in England, but there's this little material counter in the back of my brain, and I know some of this stuff will come back in my fiction. That's one of the saving graces of being a fiction writer. You always get your pound of flesh."

"Contemporary England . . . it's all connected up by tube trains, and falling apart, that's very appealing to me."

He loves London, finds it weird and wonderful, loves the way people dress, the oddness, the sleaze, the sense of crumbling. He was once quoted as saying he drew inspiration from magazines such as *The Face* and *ID*. Over here they're just background reading in trendy hairdressers (after all, if you have to wait to read about a style in *The Face* it'll already be out of date by the time the magazine is printed) but in Vancouver they are a picture of a whole new world.

"I've come to regret ever having mentioned that when I was over here last time. It seems I'm seen as being in sympathy with aspects of this culture which I don't pretend to understand. But I just go out and buy this rather expensive and obscure English import and take it home to hallucinate on. Very useful, a string of novel images.

"A lot of the stuff that's happening in *Neuromancer* and *Count Zero*, as a description of what life is like in the Sprawl is simply a transliteration of things I've either seen or read about England. It might just be a yearning for the East coast of the US to be more like contemporary England, like it's all connected up by tube trains, and falling apart, and that's all very appealing to me.

"I probably shouldn't go around criticising my own work so much. To demystify it — it's really hard work, but at the same time the effects that seem to wow people are good low tech cheap stuff that you can pick up from good mainstream fiction.

"You know, the skill of writing SF feels very much like the skill of bullshitting on an undergraduate paper, where you're writing about something you know nothing about in such a way as to convience the professor that you do."

AMENA

Amena and I went to college together. Such a team. The only two who majored in interpersonal relationships — we both came out with first class honours. Okay, so I'm making it up . . . but you can't blame me for wishful thinking!

It's probably superfluous for me to tell you how amazingly beautiful Amena is — but I'm going to mention it all the same. Her good-looks are potent enough to burn their way through the mind-numbing clouds of the most evil of hangovers. She's so gorgeous that her mere presence in her native Sheffield brings the sun out and raises the city's pulse level to invigorating, not to say dangerous, levels. She's so . . . *(we get the idea — Ed.)* . . . it makes you weep.

Amen to Amena.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

AMENA
KNAVE MAGAZINE

Happy Birthday Swinging Sixties

Ah, the sixties. Peace and love smoking mixtures ready-rolled in floral fag-papers. Festivals in the mud. The music (Johnathan King?) The personalities (Johnathan King?) The fashion. The interest in consciousness-expansion. Exciting times indeed according to the nostalgia buffs. BRIAN HIGHLEY knows better, he remembers it all – even better than the Editor does . . .

It's twenty years since mini-skirts and flower power attracted so much media coverage that the Prime Minister, Harold Wilson, had to turn up at the re-opening of the Cavern Club in order to get his picture in the paper.

If you lived through the sixties you'll probably be wondering what the hell today's youth are coming to — buying records by the like of Duran Duran, when our generation bequeathed them the music of The Beatles and the Beachboys.

Younger readers, on the other hand, will know the sixties only as an era that's constantly being reminisced over by ageing television chat show presenters, who can't quite come to terms with Bronski Beat but who remember with a pang of nostalgia how really outrageous the stars of the sixties were. (The Rolling Stones

Illustration by Kevin O'Brien

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWINGING SIXTIES

Continued from previous page

once got caught having a piss on a garage forecourt!)

During recent excavations at the back of our garage, an ancient 5-year diary was unearthed. This was the tome to which I'd confided my actual daily doings from 1965 to 1969. A hazy picture of Brian Jones swam before my eyes, he was standing in the King's Road, Chelsea, talking to Twiggy and Kathy McGowan. All three of them were wearing brightly flowered purple jackets and hats with floppy brims, Brian's trousers were white with twenty four inch bottoms, the girls' skirts started and ended at their waists.

Had it actually been like that?

Did every female in the sixties have legs like a gazelle and thigh length blonde hair that floated gently in the marijuana scented breeze?

I must admit that that's exactly how I remember it. However, my diary has other ideas:

1965 will go down in history as the year when the Beatles received their MBEs, when The Who released their first album, and when five shillings bought a ticket to see Eric Clapton playing with the Yardbirds.

The big news so far as my diary was concerned was that 'Everyone's Gone to the Moon' by Johnathan King was *the* hit of the summer.

(For those too young to remember, Johnathan King is the bespectacled creep who complained about the Live Aid concert. Take a listen to 'Everyone's Gone to the Moon' and I think you'll have to agree that the man's fully qualified to talk about crap!)

1965 also saw the Beatle's historic concert at New York's Shea Stadium. We were finally showing the bloody Yanks where all the talent was, England was swinging like the clappers, or rather the rest of the world was; not only were the Beatles in America, that first album by The Who wasn't even released here and the best my diary could come up with so far as British tours were concerned was a live appearance by those raving New Seekers.

June 10th. It says in the paper that topless swimsuits are going to be the rage this summer. I can't wait for the holiday in Scarborough!

July 13th. Arrived in Scarborough. It pissed it down.

July 14th. Bought a plastic mac and went out in search of topless swimsuits. Didn't find any.

July 15th. Went to a tea dance, got chucked out for twisting.

July 16th. Still no topless swimsuits. Bought a dirty book.

July 17th. Had a bag of shrimps and six pints of bitter. Sick out of the boarding house window onto the landlady's washing. Spent rest of day looking for somewhere to stay, couldn't find anywhere, one last look for topless swimsuits, still didn't see any, went home. WHAT A GREAT HOLIDAY, CAN'T WAIT FOR NEXT YEAR.

I've gone through my 1965 entries with a fine toothcomb and the nearest I got to a sexual experience is at the Victoria Hall in Halifax when P.J. bleeding Proby splits his trousers.

1966 is the year when mini-skirts reached previously unscaled heights. You can spend all day going up and down the escalator in Woolworths with white bikini briefs displayed right there in front of your popping eyes. Nostalgia buffs always conveniently forget that when mini-skirts came in suspenders went out. Wrapping a body from toe to waist in nylon and then putting it on display is like sticking oranges in plastic bags and putting up a notice to say that you can't have a squeeze to see if they're rotten until you've bought them and taken them home.

"It didn't matter what illness your mother suffered from in the sixties, you could always get at least half a crown for one of her pills."

It was all very well for women to display their knickers in public but the decline of the cinema began when it was no longer possible to sit on the back row and slide your hand up to forbidden areas of naked flesh.

Pink Floyd arrived on the scene in '66 with their 'mind blowing light show' and 'avant-garde music'.

Sept 16th. Off to London to see Pink Floyd at the Albert Hall. The light show was a sheet at the back of the stage with film of a fast moving bus projected on it. I couldn't hear the words because the guitarists had the loudest amplifiers, Lance Percival sang a topical calypso and Jackie Trent topped the bill.

Younger readers probably think of the sixties as a single homogeneous mass when one year ran into another. Not so my dear children. Each year of the sixties had its own individual identity, each year was like a perfectly crafted claw forming a beautiful setting in which was held the most spectacular jewel of a year that every existed, 1967.

My diary completely misses out the fact that this was the year of 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band'. Like everybody else I went out and bought a copy after reading in the music press about the superb stereo separation, and of how this was the album against which all future albums would be judged. Like everybody else I found 'Sgt. Pepper' to be something of a let down due to the lack of stereo reproduction available from a Dansette portable.

Of course, even through the scratches we could recognise that 'Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds' spelt LSD, and as this was the year when Paul McCartney admitted having experimented with acid we all went out to get stoned.

Oct 9th. Went to an all-nighter at Wigan Casino. Asked a coloured bloke if he could sell me any LSD, he said he was with the local drug squad. Managed to buy some bombers — wow man!

People like the Beatles might have had no problems getting hold of acid, but we mere mortals were limited to 'bombers'. Absolutely anything in pill form qualified as being a 'bomber'. There were blue ones, yellow ones, white ones and black ones. The black ones were always sixpence more expensive than the others due to their reputation.

"Wow man I had two black bombers last night and wow man didn't I have a great time?"

If you look carefully at the faces of so-called flower power children in old news reels they always have a sort of happy glazed look about them. This has sod all to do with love and peace, it's just that they haven't slept for three days due to the volume of the music at a series of all-nighters and when they asked the local pusher for something to help them keep awake he sold them his mother's sleeping pills. It didn't matter what illness your mother suffered from in the sixties, you could always get a least half a crown for one of her pills. I've seen four people divide a Valium tablet between them and then profess to see colourful explosions in their heads and develop the ability to fly from tall buildings.

Love-ins were another big feature of 1967.

Nov 19th. Went to a love-in in Manchester. Saw a bird who looked just like Marianne Faithful. I told her I loved her, she told me to fuck off.

"The biggest thing that happened in '68 was when the Animals split up, the second biggest thing was when they got back together again."

After 1967, 1968 had to be an anticlimax. The biggest thing that happened in '68 was when the Animals split up, the second biggest thing was when they got back together again. Most people spent 1968 coming round from all the aspirins and sleeping pills they'd consumed during 1967, and whilst we were still garbed in the image set for us by the super-groups, the super-groups themselves were carving out alternative careers for when their pop bubble burst. Jagger went into acting, Dylan did a bit of directing, and the Beatles took to selling frocks.

If you're one of those who can't unders-

tand what today's youth is coming to, it's a sobering thought that the pop star receiving most publicity in 1968 was Tiny Tim, he of the lank hair, Bugs Bunny teeth and 'Tiptoe Through The Tulips'. I think that Simon Le Bon is a bit of a pillock, but before you start sending up his inability to keep a boat in a vertical position, it's worth remembering that Tiny Tim's main contribution to culture was when he married Miss Vicky and became so moved by the whole situation that he shed a little tear into an envelope and then carried this everywhere inside his ukelele.

July 23rd. My mum says she loves the number one hit single and she's got tickets to see the group will I take her?

Haven't seen a paper this week but expect that the Stones are still hanging on at number one with 'Jumping Jack Flash'. Can't see what my mum sees in the Stones but it was her idea.

July 24th. Why couldn't somebody have warned me? Number one in the hit parade, 'I Pretend' by Des O'Connor. Mum loved it.

By 1969 the Americans had bought up all of the best acts and were in a position to stage extravaganzas like the Woodstock Festival. Yet again this is an event that's been glamourized by the passing of time. In reality it pissed it down at Max Yasgur's farm and everybody had buggered off home before Hendrix came on.

Woodstock was just the same as all of the British festivals that were modelled on it, three mile queues for one toilet which was situated in a tent surrounded by a moat of piss and turds. A peaceful atmosphere because if you so much as yawned you got your head kicked in by the Hell's Angel security team. More drug squad members than actual punters. Howling gales that made the music inaudible in the arena but which whipped the sound down into the nearest town and brought out hundreds of protesting rate payers, and if you managed to get your leg over someone you'd never met before it wasn't the spirit of love and peace that brought her to you, but the fact that her bloke had run off with your woman due to their mutual love of brown rice.

It's all very well thinking of 1969 as the year of festivals and free love, but it's also the year when the BBC banned 'Je T'Aime' just because some poor sod with asthma could be heard breathing on it. The highlight for most people in 1969 was when Johnathan King announced his retirement from the music business.

Of course we no longer accepted any old pill from the pushers, drugs had reached new levels of sophistication:

Oct 11th. Spent the evening smoking tea bags — couldn't quite work out whether they had to be wet or dry. Experimentation proved that slightly damp tea leaves rolled well in a 50/50 mix with tobacco. The main problem was that tea rained out of the end of the cigarette like the sparks from a dud firework and I was too busy putting out my trousers to notice whether I was getting a buzz. Come to that I didn't get very high on the dried banana leaves either.

By 1970 it was all over. Gone was the era of love and peace when you could walk down the streets without the fear of an imminent mugging on every corner.

Jan 4th 1967. A guy gave me a free album this afternoon and then said that I'd go to hell if I didn't empty all of my cash into his collection tin.

Gone are the days when the flower was the symbol of love between all nations.

Aug 7th 1966. Spent the night in a cell because that rotten bastard Mrs Snell at number 4 reported me for nicking her roses.

Gone are the days when everybody was a poet and every poem was about loving relationships.

April 6th 1965. The big day! Up early waiting for the postman to deliver the book with MY POEM printed in it.

The book arrived! They spelt my name wrong, and I hadn't noticed the small print in the contract that said I had to pay to get my poem published. Where am I going to get eighty quid from now that I've given up my job to become a full-time poet?

December 31st 1969. Thank God the sixties are over. It's only the thought that tomorrow's the start of 1970 that's keeping me going. This must have been the most miserable decade ever, what the hell will future generations say when they look back at these ten years of depression?

Katrina

"A bit of *class* this time . . ." intoned the man in the Editorial Chair. The FIESTA lackeys scurried away to consult their dictionaries. "Reminds me of a deb I once knew," continued 'El Gutto'.

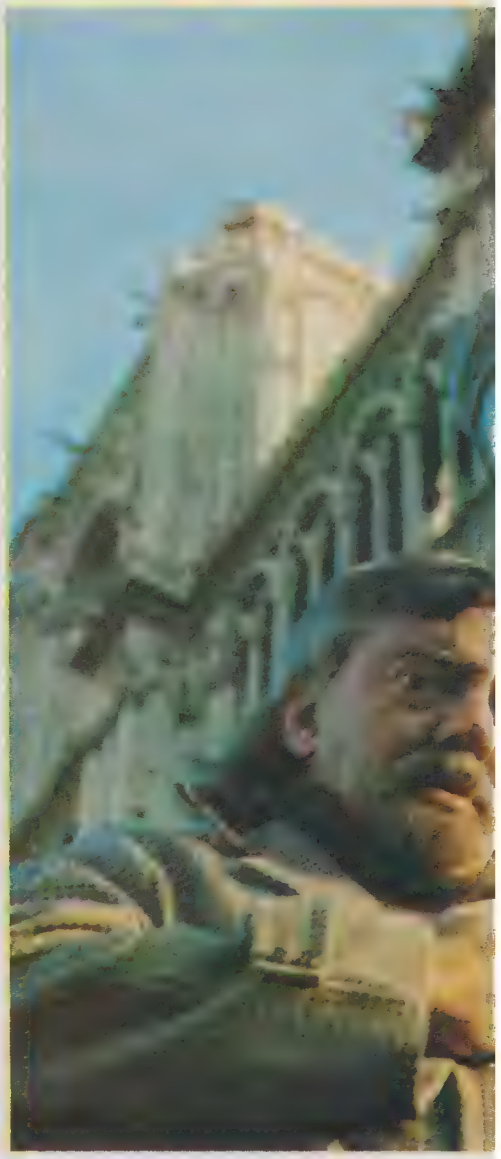
"This one looks more like a Katrina than a Deb to me," muttered the Assistant Editor from behind his beard.

"She is, and she looks good enough to eat," quoth the main man. "We need a dining table . . . with all the trimmings . . ." he eulogised.

And what a bugger that was. The table weighed a ton. The black lace and lingerie wasn't too bad — if you don't mind shoplifting in famous stores, that is. The velvet curtains were tricky until we noticed 'em hanging in a nearby restaurant. We used 'em to wrap the glass-ware and cutlery in, then we walked out with serviette-rings dangling from our ears and noses.

But the roses — have you ever tried getting roses in Essex in spring? Roses without overwintering aphids, mildew and exhaust fall-out. It wasn't easy, but for Katrina — it was worth it!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IAN POTTER



Lina Romay (above) in ***Exorcism*** *may well look askance, as Franco himself —* ***The Sadist of Notre Dame*** *(above right) — gloats over the castaways in* ***Robinson and his Tempestuous Slaves*** *(right).*

The Rude, Rude World of JESS FRANCO

Confusing, isn't it? All those films – similar plots, similar action, but different titles, different directors? TONY CRAWLEY throws some light on the issue with a whirlwind look at the dizzy sex-mad world of Jess Franco and his various alter egos.

It's about time we dipped into the films — oh, yes, and into the girls — of Italian director Franco Manera, of the Frenchman Clifford Brown and J.P. Johnson, West Germany's Jess Frank, Portugal's Dave Tough, the novelist-cum-film-maker David Khune, the Belgian Dan L. Simon, two more Germans: Frank Hollman and Michael Thomas (no relation to John) and — I'm sure we can make room — for another couple of French guys, Hans Billian and Rick de Conninck.

And why?

'Cos they make a helluva lot of movies. Some good. Some not so good. Some hot, some kinda chilling. When they're bad, they're downright bloody awful! But when they're good — and hot — then they're . . . well, they're best summed up by one of Dan Simon's breast-selling titles. *Shining Sex*.

If that film doesn't ring any bells for you — what about Clifford Brown's rumbunctiously randy *Celestine, Maid At Your Service* . . .? Ring that *belle* and you really get served. Definitively so.

What? You don't know it? Never seen it? Haven't even got it on cassette? What the hell do you watch all week then — Wogan and old cup finals?

How about Mike Thomas then? He made a passable job of *Rolls Royce Baby* . . . mainly because she was played by the same zestful turn-on who'd brought so much life to *Celestine*. Franco Manera, perhaps, is best remembered for *Vampires* — known as *Lesbian Vampires* in some countries, for obvious reasons. And when the going got tough for de Sade's *Juliette*, it was because Dan Tough had got going behind the camera.

Nipping around the Euro-screen circuit as I do, I've cassettes of the best work of these guys. Except . . . they're not a movie co-operative or film-makers' collective. They're not even a Filmland XI of directors. Just the one . . .! Well, Hans Billian and Rick de Connick exist in their own right (so I'm told) and make their own films — simply lending their names to some movies that this other guy cannot sign for some reason hidden in the legalese small-print of his contract.

The guy in question has made more than enough films under his own name. Or, well . . . names. He has a bunch of his own family names, too!

He was born Jesus Franco Manera — the usual Spanish combination of his parents' surnames. He still signs his work sometimes as Jesus Franco. But being Spanish and starting off his career at

THE RUDE, RUDE WORLD OF JESS FRANCO

Continued from previous page

Gargantuan Greta soaps her jugs.

home, the mixture of the Deity and the Dictator didn't go down too well at the box-office. It was like a sick joke. And one he rather relished rubbing some noses in — for a time.

Eventually, he travelled and found various of his cheapskate producers worried about the combo of Jesus and his stock in trade — sex 'n' sadism. They tended to yell, "Christ, you can't call yourself Jesus . . ."!

And so he became, of course . . . Jess Franco.

He's never won an Oscar — American or Spanish — and isn't likely to, given films like *Lesbian Vampires* and *Bare-Breasted Countess*. Yet he has undeniably written himself into movie history.

Apart from using more names and pseudonyms than most professional filmmakers, Jess Franco actually makes more movies than any other director, alive or dead. His output is anything between a dozen and 15 a year . . . in Spain, Italy, France, West Germany, Portugal — everywhere and anywhere!

Since 1959, and his first pair of shorts, he's been making feature films and having his leading ladies drop their shorts nonstop. It's difficult, not to say downright impossible for any serious film student or professional filmographer to keep up with his schedule . . . without turning geographer. Trying to trace all his output is not helped by the way his directing credit changes names and his films change titles from country to country.

But I have it on good authority, from one ardent Franco chronicler in France, that Jess Franco alias Manera/Brown/Johnson/Frank/Tough/Khune/Simon/Hollman/Thomas/Billian/de Connick has now made more than 150 films.

In 27 years!

And in case that sounds average to you, let me try to put it into perpsective. John Wayne took almost 50 years to simply act in 150 movies — let alone write, direct, cut, compose and act in 'em. And the Duke's old mentor, the Grand Old Man of Hollywood legend, John Ford, had only reached about 142 films in 52 years when he finally joined the great Cavalry in the sky.

Franco's camera is never livelier than when dancing around a girl undressing. Or, mimicking man's oldest sport, moving the lens up and down a couple at it in a stimulating simulated (?) fashion. In such nude or sex scenes, he used to operate like a post-mortem pathologist, cutting up the leading lay's body, exploring her torso, piece by arresting piece. In more recent years, particularly since returning home to Barcelona and to Spain's anything-goes, censor-free film business, he's been merrily shooting unadulterated pornography.

Not for the first time, of course. Various of his 60s and 70s product contained hard-core screwing sequences — just depended on which country you saw them in. Originally, or so he says, such scenes were accidental. Once France joined Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Italy in allowing full-scale porno production, Franco joined in and went all the way.

"I always arrange the sex sequences, myself," he once explained. "I take over the camera — if I'm not actually acting in the film, myself. This is the only way of getting what *I* want on-screen, rather than having some cameraman doing his own form of cut-away censoring if he feels some scenes are going too far.

"The camera is a third eye for me . . . If I zoom it around, it's because I'm using it as an eye. Darting here and there. If it zooms straight down to a girl's pussy — as it always does! — it's because when a girl strips naked before us, what do we all look at as soon as her panties come down? Her triangle, of course! Plus anything else we can glimpse down there. So, my camera-eye does the same. It's natural, no? It is for me. It's *my* eye, after all?"

One other celebrated occasion — in Paris, it was — Franco came right out and admitted it. "*Je suis un obsede sexual. Un enorme obsede!*"

Putting that into Queen's English — the King of hot 'n' fast movie-making was confessing he's a sex maniac — enormously so. Hardly news to anyone who's seen any of his films

"I'm a voyeur, I suppose — a deviation I'd like to rid myself of. But . . . well . . . sex really turns me on. I'm just *obsessed* with it. Hence, the pleasure I take in inventing, directing, watching and filming scenes of raw sex.

"In the older days, such scenes were simulated by the actors. But, hell, that's their business. If they get carried away, as they sometimes do, and give us a bit of real fucking, I'm not going to object. On the contrary, I'm inclined to applaud!"

As well as de Sade, Franco also regularly re-works Dracula, Frankenstein, Dr Orloff, Dr Mabuse and, but of course, Dr Jekyll. He even once made a German sex-trip about *Mrs* Hyde . . . and did I forget to mention his *Jack The Ripper*? Violence, alas, is rarely far from his sex sagas and he keeps on telling this ripping tale — taking on the role, himself, in one French variation of the theme: *The Sadist of Notre Dame*. Not good. Looks like it was shot on a Bank Holiday afternoon. And it probably was.

"Most of my films are based on the same few themes," he agrees. "This is because, although I like all my films, I'm never really satisfied with them. After a year or so, I say: I wonder how I'd shoot that film now . . .? And I go ahead and do it. Funny thing is, nobody seems to notice. Not the public, not even the producers and certainly never the critics!"

Leaving aside his classics re-told, his other titles range from *Virgin Report* (*I* and *II*) and *Nymphomaniac's Diary* to *House of Vice* and *Sexy Blues*. From something Spanish called *Sadisterotica* (a perfect subtitle for the man's overall work) to the inevitable German number about girls behind bars, not bras — *Caged Women* . . . full of almost SS-style electro-shock tortures. Ugly!

Still more of his films hang on the hidden promise of a girl's arousing, enticing name — plus a poster to match, natch! *Linda*, *Lorna*, *Celestine*, and, naturally, for

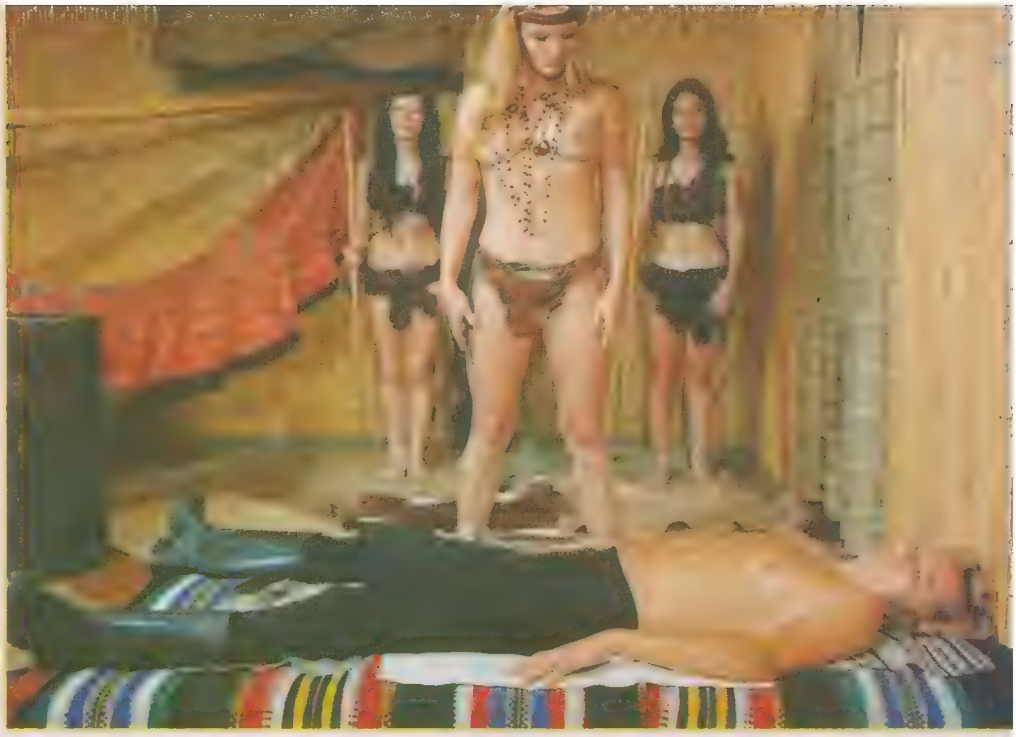
A stiff drink's the thing to revive flagging spirits i

any de Sade sexpert, *Eugenie*, *Justine* and *Juliette*.

In short: all (in)human life is there in Franco films. All the norms — and quite a few hundred abnorms — in sexploitation. And, usually dependent upon the producer concerned (rarely the best examples of the trade around Europe), the results are very strong or incredibly tatty, weak, piss-poor. But by the time they're out and about, winning or struggling for box-office glory, Franco has forgotten all about them, anyway. He's off into another film — or four. He's *always* off into another film . . . or a Franco's dozen. Re-making anything he felt didn't work well enough, the first (third?) time.

"You can't have the same high quality in all your films if you're compelled to make them in a few days," he declares. "Also, many which were made with great care and feeling were later cut to pieces by the producers or, the distributors — in the name, so they say, of censorship. I can cite films galore of mine which were hacked about and even had other sequences added in without my permission. But what can I do? I'm usually long gone and in some other country working on new films when I hear the news — and it's too late then, the films are out."

In Franco's defence, it must be stated that for every *Dracula's Daughter*, *Erotic Experiences of Frankenstein* or *Pleasure For Three*, the man is a genuine screen craftsman. After all, when Orson Welles went to Spain in the mid-60s to make his last majestic slice of Shakespeare — his *Chimes at Midnight* version of Falstaff's life and times — it was Jess Franco, he turned to for assistance. Welles was always forced to cut corners in his movies, but he rarely compromised on hiring creative aides. Franco was the right man for the job of assistant director. He knows cinema inside out. Like Welles, he refuses to follow classical rules in shooting or editing. He works like a trojan, and boy — he's fast!



Alice Arno about to raise the dead, dabble in levitation, or something of the sort.

Fast shooting means low — even cheap — budgets. Which is why the assorted cheapskate cupcakes of Germany, Italy and France queue up for Franco's services. They pin him to a contract for, say two films, knowing full well, they'll end up with four. He's often shooting two films at once — not that the deal started out that way. It's just Franco's *modus-operandi*.

"Two films at once? . . . I've even shot *five* films simultaneously. Wonderful experience! But it sure takes a helluva lot out of you. I'm not complaining . . . I *love* making films. It's my life. Mother's milk, food 'n' drink to me. Trouble is, like poor Orson, I never manage to finish any film that I try to finance myself."

On such hard-cheese occasions, he has to put himself back on the block in the movie market-place again. Director For Hire. He's never out of work for long. The flesh-pedlars can't get enough of him.

"Generally, what happens is this," he explains. "A producer asks me to shoot a film. I submit several ideas. Just treatments, outlines. Two pages or three. With some producers, I'm given back the pages the same day and told to get cracking the next morning with a group of actors he's already got signed up and has hanging around waiting for a film to . . . well, happen.

"I remember once I had to shoot two films in five days. And cut and set 'em up in three. I managed it. Of course I did, I love that challenge. And I love improvising. Money is certainly not the only reason I'm in this business. I often film a whole sequence which I consider important, with great care and attention, wasting a lot of time on it . . . I say wasting because all along, while I'm doing it, I know full well that my producer will just cut it out and it'll never be seen. But improvising like that — experimenting — that's what film-making is all about for me.

"Often in the middle of shooting one film, I'll see something — maybe in the scene, or the girl, the lighting, or, perhaps, a sudden, surprising chemistry between two players — and I get an idea for another film. Totally different. I stop shooting and write it down."

He has been known to stop shooting film A and start immediately shooting his flash for film B, holding that moment — the girl/lighting/chemistry or whatever — in abeyance for when he can make the rest of his sudden idea into a movie. This tends to explain why many of his stars turn up in more than one film. (Hah! In more than a dozen of his films!) They jolly well have to. They're already in part of film B (or F/G/H) while making film A.

Franco's staggering total of 150-plus films doesn't mean he's been through 150-plus girls. But close. Damned close. He has, as it were, come across some of the most succulent birds in the European aviary. An actual run-down list would almost be as long as this article.

Okay, so, the man has directed the likes of Christopher Lee and Klaus Kinski in his movies (the late Dennis Price was something of a flop as Frankenstein), but it's the girls that Jess Franco is renowned for. He loves them and remembers them as much as his most devoted fans.

One thinks, for instance . . . and suddenly the old trouser-snake starts to rear up its ugly head . . . of Estella Blain and Tania Busselier, from France. Italy's statuesque Rosalba Neri. Britian's Marget Lee, a great Marilyn lookalike favourite in Rome. West Germany's Heidrun Kussein (a kind of kissing Kussein) and Ewa Stromberg. French-Canadian Jacqueline Laurent.

The eternal Swedish nymphet, Marie Liljedahl. Blonde cock-warming, cock-

Les ***Demons Sexuels***.

THE RUDE, RUDE WORLD OF JESS FRANCO

Continued from previous page

Lina Romay in ***Rolls Royce Baby.***

swallowing minx Pamela Stanford, from Paris. The redoubtable Alice Arno — big 'n' sassy, a real French Amazon. Appealing Monica Swinn — now into journalism in Paris. Munich's pert Olivia Pascal and Katja Bienert — not forgetting big Bea Fielder and the obviously pseudonymous Raquel Evans from Katja's *Linda* frolic.

Maria Rohm, Karin Field, Michele Hermet, Doris Thomas, Anne Libert, Caroline Riviere, Diane Lorys, Josiane Gibert, Greta Schmidt, Gilda Arancio, Martine Steed, Ursula Buchfeliner, Gina Janssen, etc., etc. Even Tyron Power's daughter, Romina, who has since fled movies for pop chart fame in Italy.

And then, there was, and sadly no more, the late Susan Korda — Franco's *Eugenie* of blessed memory. She was a wholly edible young charmer who had almost as many names as Franco, himself. She was born Soledad Miranda and was a lively, lovely Spanish flamenco dancer when Franco introduced her into movies as Lola Miranda in 1960. He then renamed her Susan Korda for seven more films, including *Lesbian Vampires*, and she wound up in Hollywood for a short spell as Susan Miranda. And then tragically snuffed it in a car smash.

But where girls and the name of Jess Franco are concerned, — there is one name only that stands out, head, shoulders, tits and pussy above them all. Lina Romay!

Ah! Lina the prick-loving *Celestine* . . . the *Lorna* in need of exorcism (nude, of course), the *Rolls Royce Baby*, the best of the *Mad, Passionate Nuns* and, above all, the owner of the never hidden, not even by pubic thatch, *Shining Sex*. Lina was born to be a Franco star. She's as Spanish and therefore, Bunuellian-fetishistic as Franco is. She gave and still gives her all — lately directing and starring in her own Spanish hard-core films. (Right, what's the time of the next plane to Madrid?)

Jess Franco didn't have to look that far to find Lina. He'd been beaten to the actual discovery by his cameraman, Raymond Ardid. He's also Franco's co-editor and stills-photographer — which means he took many of the photos on these pages. He also acts in Franco films as Raymond Hardy. And, well, lucky swine, he married Lina!

That marriage is since over and done with and the story goes that Franco and Lina are a hot team on and off-screen. Although they've constantly refused to discuss their private lives.

So, let's get professional again — how does he find these stunning wenches of his? "Sometimes, producers send me girls they know." (And read into 'know' whatever you like!) "If I find them suitable, I take them on. Like Anne Libert and Alice Arno in France, for example. Britt Nichols, who was *Dracula's Daughter*, I found in a documentary film I saw one day. I used Britt in many movies until she quit to marry a footballer. She's a mother now.

"The others? Well, I'd seen some in other films — like Danielle Godot and Dannick Pattisson. And if I like them, I use 'em. Simple as that. If they'll work my way. I have to like all my leading ladies. They have to please *me* first, then the public. I feel the ones I end up selecting usually have a way of thinking that is akin to mine — particularly about sex.

"My girls are always very pretty and *very* sexy. They're girls with marked personalities and what's more important — vital — they love to make erotic movies. The sex scenes come off well because they truly love what they're doing. I mean it! They love showing off their bodies. They're born exhibitionists. Just love spreading their legs and showing their cunts."

And they do that, Franco-style, in all the usual hard/soft-core classic cliche sequences. Male/female fucking. Lesbian biplay. Orgies. "I don't have a favourite kind of scene," says the director. "I dig all three. Straight sex is always beautiful because love *is* beautiful, no? An orgy is good because you often get very switched on watching it. And a lesbian encounter combines both these qualities — it's beautiful to see and most arousing?"

He also dabbles in sundry torture scenes — girls tied to posts for whipping, and to chairs, ready for red-hot irons or live electric wires. But when it comes right down to it, what he loves shooting most of all is, ironically, the kind of scene he could just about get away with in the far off days before porno leg-overs became legal (in some adult countries!) The good, old-fashioned, but if shot correctly, erotic and incredibly exciting striptease.

"It's true. I really adore shooting a girl slowly taking off her clothes, her shirt, her jeans, her panties, her tights — but *slowly* — before getting down to sex. But these days, producers cut out such foreplay. Just a waste of time, they say. The public isn't interested in that, it just wants to see a girl masturbating or having straight sex — fast, as soon as possible, and as raw as we can get away with . . .

"Well, fine, I'm all for that. Masturbation (which Lina Romay has raised to an art-form!) and fucking is okay with me. I love it. But I do happen to love the foreplay, don't you? I mean it's part of sex. Even before any physical foreplay, it's the girl stripping off her clothes that gives us all our hard-ons, right? Does with me anyway — if you've seen my films that must be obvious to you!

"I mean, whether I'm watching a film or making one, or in bed with a girl — I'm a good, old-fashioned fetishist. I adore silk stockings. Garters. Panties. And . . . boots!" (At times, he sounds more like Bunuel's son, not the Marquis de Sade's).

"Lesbian scenes really turn me on. And oh . . . all sorts of small things. Like the glimpse of a girl's cunt under her skirt. A sweet, rounded bottom. Or, sure, a girl wanking. Like I say, I'm quite open about it — I'm a real sex-maniac. I really am! What's more, I'm delighted to be one."

For how much longer, though. The odd news from Barcelona is that Jess Franco — and Lina Romay — are taking a sabbatical from porno. They're shooting some Edgar Wallace stories . . . and a bunch of children's fairy-tales.

One hopes that it won't be too long before they're back to what they're best at. Furry tails. ■

A clean ending!

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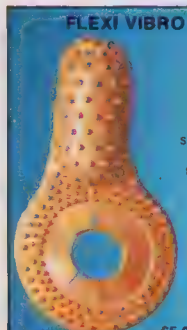

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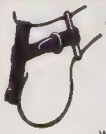

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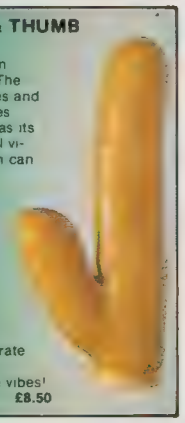

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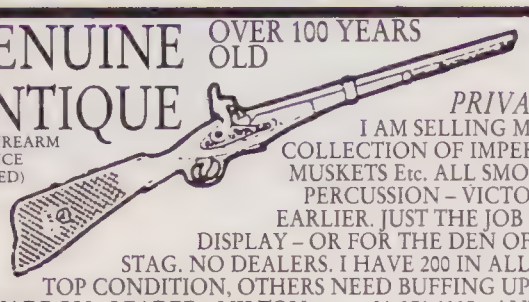

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continued from page 31

mind, but interested to see what would happen.

It didn't take long to realise Eric had had the same idea, and wouldn't need much encouragement. I sat next to him on the sofa, brushing gently against his arm.

After a moment our mouths met. We kissed hard, my tongue searching his mouth as he cupped my tits. I could feel his prick rising hard against my thigh, and reached down a trembling hand to stroke it. Eric began to unbutton my blouse.

Once upstairs I just let him strip me down to my stockings and suspenders. Immediately he started sucking on my nipples. He carried on nibbling my breasts while I slipped my fingers down the sides of his Y-fronts and eased them off.

He kicked them away as we moved to the bed, and my hand went to his cock. I put my mouth over the swollen end and began to suck up and down the shaft, squeezing his balls with my hand. After a moment I felt his fingers enter my gooey hole.

"And if my intuition served me correctly, those were not bags of cold semolina adorning her chest."

After a moment or two I pulled away, straddled his body, and guided him in. He began to suck my nipples again as we thrust together, his hands bearing down hard on my hips.

We climaxed together, almost simultaneously. After that we lay together talking quietly, until we fell asleep.

The next morning we drove to work separately; I dropped Eric off at his hotel to collect his own car, and he arrived about ten minutes after I did. He finished checking the books that afternoon, and went back to London; but he managed to get me alone in my office for a goodbye kiss before leaving, and to arrange a weekend meeting later in the month.

I'm not sure how we'll get on once we've had a chance to think about what we're doing, but I'm looking forward to finding out . . . — *F.K., Ipswich.*

Spurious Saga

I am writing to tell you of a strange sexual encounter that I had recently. I wonder if any other Knave readers have any similar tales to tell.

I was sitting at home a few weeks back, minding my own business, watching television. All of a sudden there came a knocking at my door.

When I went to answer it, imagine the sight that caught my eye . . . She was about five foot six tall, had a flowing mane of blonde hair, bright, sparkling blue eyes, and a tight, sexy dress. And if my intuition served me correctly, those were not bags of cold semolina adorning her chest.

But what really caught my eye was the large brown envelope that she clutched protectively to her heaving bosom. "Hello," she said. "Hello," I said, rather taken aback.

"I live across the road from you," she said, "at number 19. I think that this envelope could well be for you." I looked at the address label. It was mine all right.

"It's mine all right," I said. "Well, this is a turn-up for the books. Why don't you come in and we'll see what it is?"

She stepped into my vestibule and I don't have to tell you what happened next . . . in nearly no time we were urgently fondling and caressing the pulsating firmness of the package. She ran her long painted fingers along the tip and then, grasping it roughly in my hands I began to run my tongue along the top, tasting the delicious, oozing gummy bits where it hadn't been stuck down properly. "Oooh! Do it now! Do it! Open it you big wonderful man! Open it!" She screamed. So I did. And out popped the latest Knave. Oh how we laughed!

As she was recovering, I rushed into my room and brought out the heavy, thrusting hardness of my pile of back issues. I explained to her that I write for Knave — *(Used to write for Knave — Ed.)* — usually with Neil Gaiman and Kim Newman. She became visibly excited once more when I told her of the Peace and Love Corporation — *(not as excited as our accountant gets! — Ed.)* — and she came to a shattering climax when I mentioned that I was the one to whom all the money gets sent.

As we lay back and smoked our cigarettes, I told her how the money always comes to the right address, but my voucher copy of the magazine seems to always get addressed to number 19 and not number 18. She suggested that I write to you and tell you of this interesting experience, asking that it be rectified with all due haste.

She politely declined my offer of sex, saying that she had to get home to cook tea for her grandchildren, but we still say "hello" whenever we pass each other in the street. — *E.B., Bristol.*

Thanks, E.B.! As compensation for your sudden lack of employment as a Knave writer, have this month's £50 prize!

Festival Frolic

Reading about the Grateful Dead in Geoff Nicholson's article (Knave Vol.18 No.1) reminded me of a weekend of total debauchery I spent in the sixties (*me too — Ed.*), coming across the forerunners of today's dirty tapes.

It was in 1969 and took place at the Isle of Wight pop festival. I'd taken the day off work on Friday and left early in the morning on the Portsmouth to Isle of Wight ferry. My staid Civil Service employers were a bit put out at the reason for a day off — if they could have seen, and heard, the weekend's happenings they'd have blown a fuse!

I didn't take a tent, just some food, a sleeping-bag, a plastic sheet in case of rain, and a portable tape recorder to bootleg some of the acts. As I joined the other quarter of a million people I had my mind on music, not sex, and I squatted on the ground with my tape recorder at the ready. If I remember rightly, I was taping The Nice — when I was tapped on the shoulder. I turned round to see an amazing sight: a sight I later came to know as Mareeka.

"She politely declined my offer of sex, saying that she had to get home to cook tea for her grandchildren."

She was punk before punks were invented — spiked hair which was bright red (all except a single pigtail which was blue), masses of red eyeshadow, blue lipstick, a black blouse with Chinese dragons on it, and a leopard-skin mini skirt. It turned out that she wanted some batteries for her recorder as they'd gone flat. I lent her my set of spares. She was really weird. She wouldn't sit near me but every now and again she'd come over to say hello.

When the music finally finished I joined the mass exodus for the camp site and she followed me. "Have you got a tent?" she asked. When I said no, she asked me if I wanted to share hers. I didn't need a second asking. We were soon

continued on page 70

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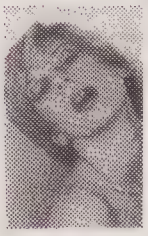

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OH FEATHERED SERPENT
I KNOW THE RECIPE CALLS FOR A VIRGIN LORD, BUT TIMES ARE HARD.....
SNIT
NEARBY, CHEZ WANG
BZOOOOORP
AS THE STUFF-BEAM FALTERS, THE STOLEN GOODS RE-MATERIALISE
HEY-PRIEST! WHAT KIND OF A SACRIFICE IS THIS?
YEAH—WHERE'S THE BLOOD?
OOOF
CURSES! NO POWER! QUICK COATLZELPEC! A SHILLING FOR THE METER!
THE SHAMAN DIDN'T GET WHERE HE IS BY BEING A BRICK SHORT OF THE LOAD
MY PEOPLE —THIS NOBLE AND AH... RUBBERY.....AH MESSENGER OF THE GOD HAS GREAT POWERS
SHOW 'EM YOUR "GREAT POWERS" PAL OR YOUR NUTS ARE OFF!
ULP
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HOPLA!
MY HERO!
WHEN WANG'S POWER RETURNS...
ARGH! I'VE LOST SOME OF THE LOOT!!
I'LL TRACE IT ON THE GUTTAPERCHOSCOPE
CLICK
HOLY MESSENGER— WE MUST CONSUMMATE OUR UNION AND RETURN TO THE GOD TOGETHER
NEXT MONTH: WHAT'S THE MAYAN FOR "HAPPILY EVER AFTER" ?

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lying in her tent, joss sticks and candles burning away, listening to some of the music we'd taped. Suddenly, without a word, she stripped off completely and lay back naked on her sleeping bag. She chucked a tape across to me saying: "Put that on and take your clothes off."

I sat open-mouthed, not believing my luck, but struggled to get out of my clothes anyway. I remember her laughing as I knelt to put the tape on — a huge erection bulging underneath my pants. As I saw the title of the tape — *I Fell in Love with my Flatmate* — I looked across at her and asked: "Who the hell's this by?"

"Just shut up and listen," she said. "And don't touch me yet. I want to do it myself."

She lay there, with her legs spread wide, running her hands across her pussy lips. I crawled back to my side of the tent, watching her as the tape began. The voice was soft and sultry; Mareeka obviously knew it well as she murmured along with it while she played with herself, sticking fingers up her cunt and smiling at me.

I won't bore you with too many details about the tape. Suffice to say that it was a detailed story, full of sound effects, about a young girl named Carol who gets well and truly laid by an older man.

Mareeka masturbated vigorously for about five minutes as the porno-tape played. Watching Mareeka and listening to the tape made me as randy as hell, my balls ached and my cock was like a flag-pole. I switched the tape off and rolled toward her.

"Don't do that," she said. "Put the tape back on, I need it to come by."

I couldn't stand it any longer, so I just grabbed her head and shoved my crotch towards it. Mareeka began licking and sucking my shaft and closing her mouth round my balls — first one then the other — finally she swivelled round, fitted her mouth over my rampant prick and began to gobble. I pushed my tongue into her cunt and began to lick her out. She squirmed around totally out of control, forcing her pubes into my face.

"Put the tape on. Put the fucking tape on," she screamed, releasing my prick just long enough to say it.

As I leant over to switch the machine back on, her arse arched up off the ground and she began to come in my mouth. Tasting her sweet come-juice I could stand it no longer — I shot my load into her mouth. She sucked greedily and swallowed every drop. I remember we lay in the sixty-nine position for ages, totally shagged out, while the tape played on. I lay back and listened to the tape while Mareeka treated me to a solo: finger-fucking herself until she came again, then reaching over and wanking me until I spurted all over her stomach.

The rest of the weekend was just the same — a fantastic musical extravaganza by day, hours of sexual delight by night. We played the tapes over and over again (the other side was a hoot called *Fucking in Woking*) while Mareeka brought me sexual pleasures I'd only dreamed of until then — and some which I'd never even thought of. She still wouldn't let me screw her but she always left me satisfied one way or another. For instance, licking every, and I do mean *every*, inch of my body before tossing me off and catching the spunk in her mouth. She even put a half-ripe banana on her fanny and made me eat it off. The other half, she rubbed into my prick before gobbling me again!

When the festival was over, I made my way back home. It wasn't until half-way over the Solent that I realised I'd still got her tape. I've still got it now. I play it often. Ah, Mareeka, where are you now? — *A.C., Clydebank.*

Home Service

I love to read your magazine, but please, please, more randy letters, I get all hot when I read them.

I was 28 when I married, my man 40. We had only seen each other at weekends and holidays, and sex had been super.

"It's Rabid? Oh, hello Rabid!"

I soon realised it wasn't going to work out. He was at work from eight in the morning to seven at night, and too damn tired to fuck.

I got bored and lonely at home all day. Most afternoons I lay on the bed massaging my tits and wanking myself with my fingers. I had to get some spare time sex. I couldn't haunt pubs and hotels, as my husband was a well-known local businessman, and to get to Southampton or London would take far too long.

My salvation came when the Insurance man came to the door. He was a lanky fair-haired man of about 25-30. I got so hot between the legs, I had to have him.

I whipped off my pants and hid them under a cushion, let him in, made coffee. I felt really randy. I sat on the settee, showing him I was available. I saw his cock rise under his pants.

He made no move, so I lifted my dress, and slowly showed my excited pussy. That did it. He spilled his coffee, and was unzipping as he got up. "Not here," I hissed, "we've got plenty of time," and led him to the bedroom.

I was stripped in ten seconds and lay across the bed, my legs wide open to show my creamy pussy, massaging my tits, and licking my lips in anticipation.

The first thing I saw was his balls, handing about 8" between his legs, then I saw his cock. It was a beauty, stiff as a ramrod, with a lovely red knob.

When he sank it in me it was heaven. My mouth was open, and I lifted my bum up to take all of it. He fucked beautifully. After about five minutes he turned me over onto my knees, and finished fucking from the back. He fucked me hard, grabbing my tits to give him penetration. It was a wonderful fuck, his sperm felt delicious.

I told him there was no hurry, took his cock in my mouth, and made it hard again. I gave him a blow job. Soon after his hands were between my legs. He could really fuck. He said "My wife never lets me do that, can I stay a bit longer?" and soon his lovely big cock was doing its job to make me happy. It was quite a laugh; he forgot to leave the policy he'd brough for me, so he had to repeat the performance the next day.

Now I'd got the hang of it I ordered electrical repairs, double glazing, decorators, gardeners, asked the milkman to make his calls after nine in the morning; even the butcher makes deliveries.

My same tactics, lifting my dress and stroking my pussy, did the trick. Most have become regulars now. I've had some really lovely satisfying cocks.

I started to have a tramp round begging for a meal. I made him take a bath, and gave him a damn good meal. He had a lovely big cock, about eight inches long. He gave me a wonderful fuck, then I pushed his head between my legs, onto my creamy pussy, and he gave me a lovely love-suck.

He was so excited, saying he hadn't had a woman for over a year, and he couldn't remember the last time he'd

continued on page 77

This girl did it — so could you. If you think you could make it as one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form below and send it in with a few rude nude pictures of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude — front and back view.

Yep, it happened again. There we were, stuck for an Amateur Model to grace our hallowed pages when up popped Jane expressing a willingness to pop-out, as it were. The least we could do was oblige. For a change we thought we'd go somewhere else besides reception to take the photos. The Editor's private rest room seemed as good a choice as any. Once the full-sized billiards table had been pushed into one corner we were away.

Jane comes from Walsall, but then again, somebody has to. And she doesn't look too bad on it, either.

No, she's not a barmaid — she's the manageress in a thriving off-licence, which makes a pleasant change.

Yes, she is romantically involved back home. Yes, that does mean it would be a waste of time on your part. Pity, isn't it?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROGERS

Send to: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

MODEL'S NAME..... PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME.....

ADDRESS..... ADDRESS.....

TELEPHONE NO..... TELEPHONE NO.....

DATE OF BIRTH..... SIGNATURE.....

SIGNATURE..... DATE PHOTOS TAKEN.....

If we like the photos you send us, we'll invite you to our studio for a day's modelling — and pay you £200! And we'll pay £25 to whoever took your photos. We provide a professional make-up artist and photographer — and an enjoyable day out! Come on, girls, let's see your photos!

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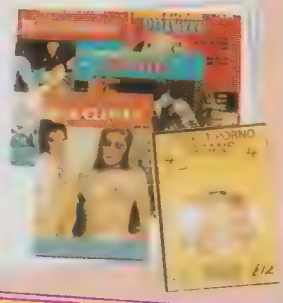

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sucked one. I told him to come for a nibble often. He told me he'd dream about me that night.

My lovely tramp has been back many times. I wonder what my husband would say if, as a gesture of goodwill, I invited him to come and spend Christmas with us.

Don't get me wrong. My husband has a lovely big cock, and gives me lots of lovely fucks at weekends, and is very good at sucking.

Don't forget — more randy letters. — *C.B., Hants.*

Uplift

About a year ago I attended a lunch meeting of a club to which I belong. It was held in a small hotel about twenty miles away. I was the last to leave the meeting and when I came out to the car park there was only one other car there. I started my car, but, to my horror, I found I could not engage any gear. I was wondering what on earth I could do when a man came out of the hotel to get into the other car. He saw I was having problems and asked if he could help. I explained what had happened and said I did not know how to get home. When I told him where I live he said he would give me a lift as he was going that way.

We set off in his car and started chatting. I discovered that he was married and his name was Bob. He owned his own business, which necessitated a lot of travelling and he had been at the hotel to meet a customer for lunch.

It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, and I remarked how lovely the trees looked. Bob said he thought the scenery inside the car was much more appealing and I saw he was looking at my legs. I was wearing a tight blue skirt with a slit in the front. I realised that when I had crossed my legs the slit had opened, revealing the tops of my pale blue nylons. Normally I would have been embarrassed and immediately covered up, but for some reason, I found the idea of a complete stranger looking at me in that way quite exciting. So I did nothing, but replied I hoped he was enjoying the view.

After a few moments Bob put his hand on my legs, and started stroking them, running his fingers over my suspenders which he could feel through my skirt. I made no attempt to stop him, and soon he put his hand onto my shoulder and started squeezing it. I think he was trying to find out if I was wearing a bra. I was not, and I knew the blue silk blouse I was wearing showed up my nipples which, by now, were beginning to stiffen.

Once he realised I was not wearing a bra his hand started to wander and was soon caressing my breast. His fingers found my nipple and he started to squeeze and fondle it, making it big and hard. It was not easy while he was driving, but soon his hand was trying to get inside my blouse. I undid a couple of buttons to make it easier for him, and now he was really able to give my nipples some attention.

"Normally I would have been embarrassed, but for some reason, I found the idea of a complete stranger looking at me quite exciting."

I was getting very excited; I uncrossed my legs and opened them as much as my tight skirt would allow. I was beginning to thrust my hips backwards and forwards and moan with the pleasure he was giving me by squeezing and pulling my nipples. I reached out and rubbed his erect cock through his trousers, then leaned over and planted a wet kiss on the side of his neck.

Bob put his hand on my leg again and tried to pull my skirt up. It was not easy, so I lifted my hips and pulled it up for him until he could see my blue suspenders and panties. I was wet and ready, as he rubbed me I moaned and gasped with the intense feeling spreading through my body.

The road began to twist, so Bob had to relinquish me and concentrate on driving for a while. I took the opportunity to pull my skirt right up around my waist and completely undo my blouse. Then I undid his trousers, releasing his erect cock. I leaned over onto his lap so that I could take him in my mouth. He was very hard and I enjoyed the feel of him in my mouth as I sucked and licked him.

The car slowed down and stopped, and I found we were parked in a secluded lane. We both undid our seatbelts and instantly fell on one another, kissing passionately. Bob tugged my panties off, and his hand was between my legs. I spread them as far apart as I could and he pushed first two, then three, and eventually four fingers deep into my soaking cunt. He rammed his fingers into me, sucking my nipples which were so stiff and hard.

There was no room in the car to make love, and so Bob asked me to get out. I stood by the side of the car as he came round, his huge erect cock poking out of the front of his open trousers. He turned me round to face the car and placed my hands on the bonnet. I leaned forward and spread my legs apart in ready anticipation.

I gasped as I felt his rampant prick slide deep into me. The pleasure was indescribable. There I was, in full view of any casual passers-by. My blouse was completely undone, my breasts bare and my nipples stiff and erect. My skirt was around my waist, showing nylons and suspenders, and there was this man, a complete stranger, fucking me from the rear.

"I took the opportunity to pull my skirt up around my waist and completely undo my blouse."

Fucking me he certainly was, he was ramming his prick into me for all he was worth, each stroke nearly lifting me off my feet. It was not long before Bob came. I felt his spunk squirting deep into me, filling me up as waves of pleasure shot through me.

As Bob withdrew I was left feeling weak and exhausted. However circumstances dictated that we could not hang around, so I retrieved my panties from inside the car and put them on. I tidied my clothes and make-up and tried to make myself as presentable as possible although my face was still flushed and my stiff nipples stood out through my blouse.

As we drove the remaining few miles home Bob pressed me to let him see me again. I refused, I did not want to get involved. In fact I got him to drop me some way from my home, as I did not want him to know where I lived.

I walked home in the dusk. The whole affair seemed too unreal to ever have happened.

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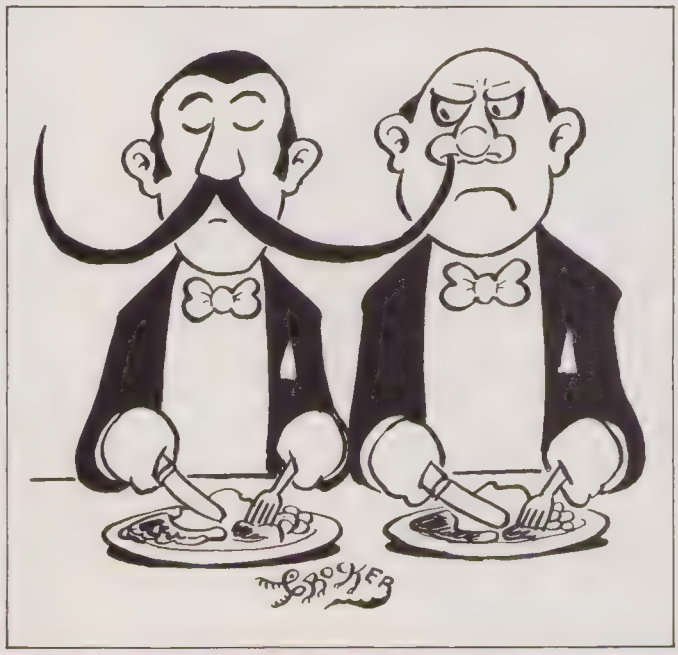


THE ART OF THE INSULT

Being rude and offensive is all well and good, but the important thing is to do it in style. BILL LYTHGOE, never a man to mince his words, digs deep into his files to report a few variations on the usual well-worn phrases . . .

"Up yours!" "Piss off!" "Get stuffed!" "And you!" If this is the kind of phrase that leaps to your lips when you are called upon to insult your friends and neighbours it's about time you thought about changing your style. Better men than you have been in the same situation and far better ways of giving offence have been evolved over the centuries.

Perhaps not surprisingly, many of the experts in the art of the insult have been politicians. This is probably because lots of useful everyday expressions are banned in the House of Commons and substitutes have to be found.

An important court decision in 1984 established that it is perfectly legal for the likes of you and me to call Mrs Thatcher a "rich cow" or a "stupid wanker." In the case of R.V. Chernaik, Ms Chernaik was accused of threatening behaviour when she shouted these words at the Prime Minister. The case was dismissed.

In the Palace of Westminster though, there are stricter rules. Dennis Skinner was asked to leave the Chamber for calling Dr Owen a pompous sod. It is also forbidden to call your opponents dogs, cads, Pharisees, swine, pups, rats, stool-pigeons, villains or hypocrites.

That old four-letter word is still out of order, even when it isn't followed by "off!" A few years ago, MP Reg Race was only quoting from a sex shop advert when he said "Phone them and fuck them." Nevertheless he was admonished by the Speaker for using an unparliamentary expression.

This explains why Churchill said that Ramsay MacDonald had "more than any other man, the gift of compressing the largest amount of words into the smallest amount of thought." And that Clement Atlee was "a modest little man with much to be modest about."

In the more forward-looking Australian House of Representatives it seems that such niceties do not apply. The Aussie Hansard tells us that when an Opposition Whip, Mr J.W. Bourchier, called for a quorum during a defence debate; Dr R.T. Gun, a government backbencher, shouted, "Why don't you shut up, you great poofter?" To which Mr Bourchier replied, "Come around here, you little wop, and I will fix you up."

"Dennis Skinner was asked to leave the Chamber for calling Dr Owen a pompous sod."

Throughout history, politicians of all nationalities and shades of opinion seem to have been masters of the quick gibe and the snide comment. Soviet leader Khrushchev, who was proud of his peasant origins, tried to offend Chinese premier Chou En-lai by calling him middle-class. But Chou was equal to the occasion. "So we have something in common," he said, "we have both betrayed our class."

In the U.S., Calvin Coolidge was once heckled by a woman insisting that women were as good as men: "Why Mr President, I can give you tit for tat anytime." Coolidge's reply was short and to the point. "Tat," he said.

It is rumoured that one Prime Minister once sat down to lunch with some of his cabinet colleagues and ordered steak and kidney pie. "What about the veget ables?" the waiter enquired. "Oh, they'll have the same," he answered.

It must be acknowledged, though, that Winston Churchill was a grandmaster of the art of the insult. George Bernard Shaw once sent him two tickets for the first night of his new play with the message, "Bring a friend — if you have one." Churchill sent back the tickets saying that he was otherwise occupied but would come to the second performance — "if there is one."

Shaw himself was no slouch at giving offence. G.K. Chesterton, who was a very large man, told him: "To look at you, Mr Shaw, one would think there was a famine in the land." To which Shaw responded, "And looking at you, Mr Chesterton, one would know who to blame." Another time, when Shaw was enduring the excruciating scraping of the palm-court orchestra in a restaurant, the proprietor asked him what Mr Shaw would like them to play next. "Dominoes," he replied.

Photographic illustration by John Copthorne

Among musicians, Sir Thomas Beecham is remembered as something of an expert. To an unskilled lady cellist, he once remarked, "Madam, you have the finest instrument in the world between your legs and all you can do is scratch it."

When Sir Thomas was asked if he ever played any music by avant-garde composer Karl Heinz Stockhausen, he is reputed to have said, "No, but I trod in some yesterday."

It is possible to insult places as well as people and the world champions in this department are the Americans. A few years ago I was due to visit a friend in the town of Poughkeepsie in New York State and I asked an American acquaintance what the place was like. "Well," he said, "put it this way, the Hudson River is the asshole of America and Poughkeepsie is 80 miles up it." You will also doubtless remember that when W.C. Fields wanted his tombstone to bear the inscription, "It's better than having Philadelphia."

Of course, if you really want to get someone's back up, the quickest way is to find out where he originally came from and pour scorn on his country, nationality or race. The Irish have long been familiar with a lot of this kind of thing from the English, which probably explains why they have developed a high insult tolerance level.

"Madam, you have the finest instrument in the world between your legs and all you can do is scratch it . . ."

A report in a County Louth newspaper illustrates this admirably: "The court was told that soon after the party came into Maloney's Bar, Milligan spat at O'Flaherty and called him 'a stinking Ulsterman.' O'Flaherty punched Milligan and Rourke hit him with a bottle. Milligan kicked O'Flaherty in the groin and threw a pint of beer in Rourke's face."

Notice that up to now, there has been no mention of annoyance or loss of temper. It must have been the beer that did it. The report continues: "This led to ill-feeling and they began to fight."

Familiarity seems to breed contempt between nations: the closer they are geographically, the more vicious are the insults they resort to. An Albanian proverb says, "After shaking hands with a Greek, count your fingers." A Greek one says, "A Turk will burn his bed to catch a flea."

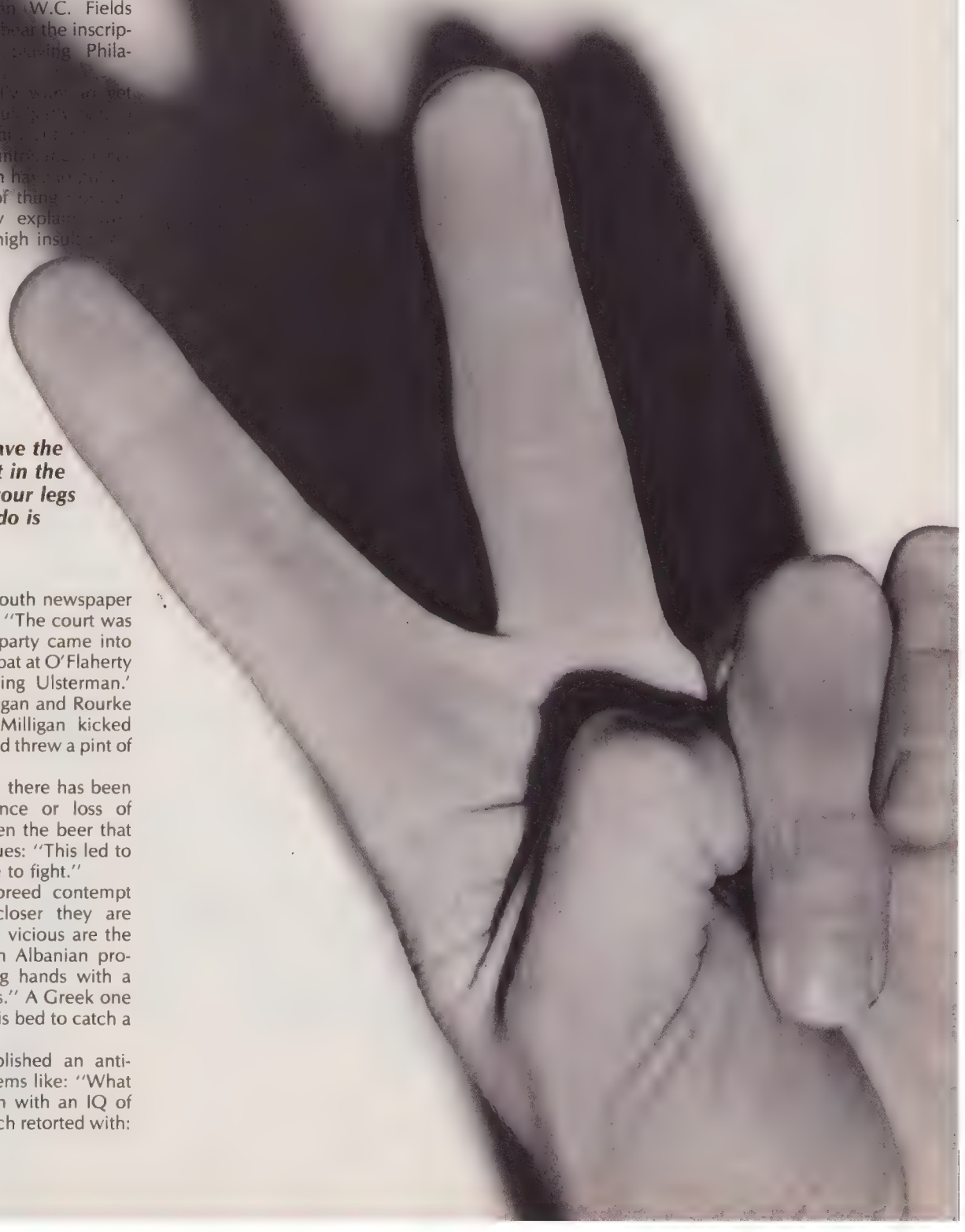
In 1984, the Sun published an anti-French joke page with gems like: "What do you call a Frenchman with an IQ of 180? A village." The French retorted with: "What is the difference between an accident and a catastrophe? An accident is when a liner full of Englishmen sinks. A catastrophe is when they know how to swim." We keep up the ill-feeling by referring to frogs, French leave and French letters. Did you know that the French have the effrontery to call a condom a capote anglaise — an English hood?

Which brings us, oddly enough to Winston Churchill once again. During the Second World War the London Rubber Company received an order for a large consignment of sheaths for the Russian armed forces. Churchill gave the go-ahead but instructed that they should all be marked "extra small". This could be one of the causes of the post-war arms race — the Soviets have had an inferiority complex about the size of their weapons ever since.

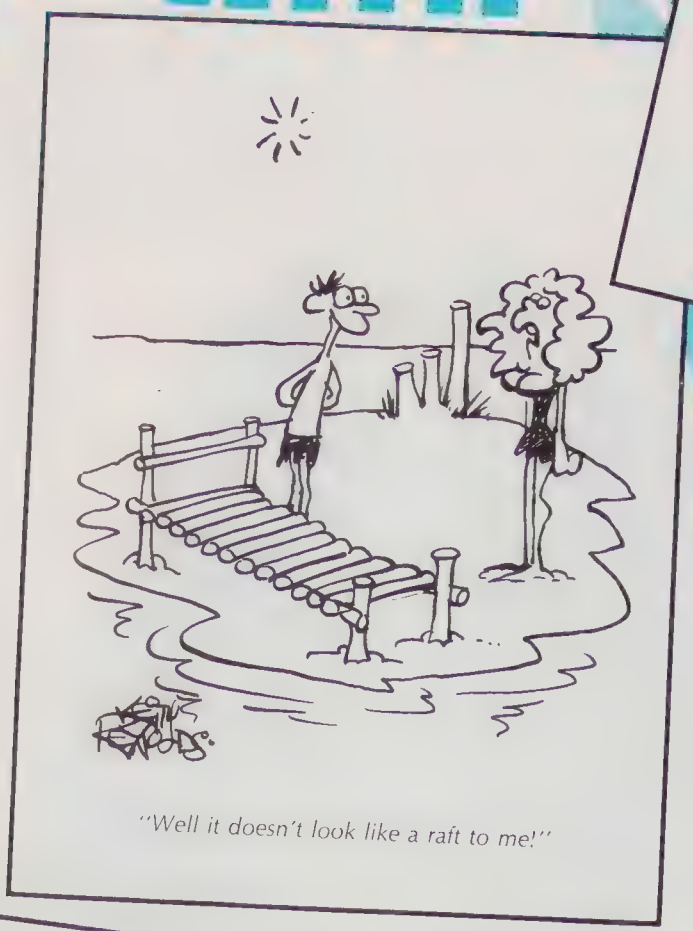
The main drawback about the abuse of foreigners is that it can lose a lot in translation. A British retaliatory attack during the Falklands War was followed up by the message: "Tit for tat, you buggers." Unfortunately this would have been rendered in Spanish as something like: "A women's breast upon your cast-off garments, you sodomisers."

My mate Bungalow Bert keeps trying to insult me, but without much success since most of what he says is fair comment, even when he disparages my articles by saying, (as Truman Capote once remarked about Jack Kerouac's work): "That's not writing, that's typing."

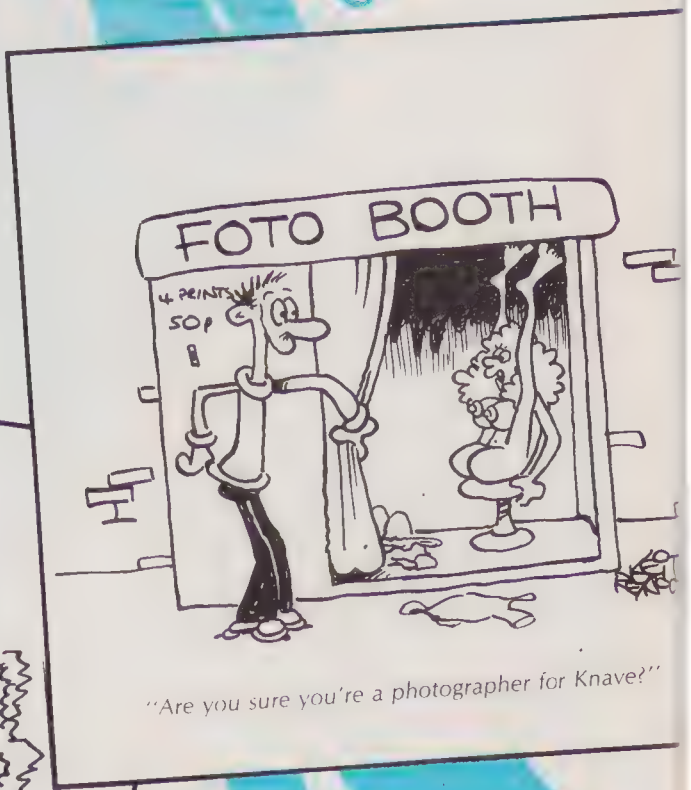
Now if Kerouac had had his wits about him he could have said something about capote anglaise but he probably just replied, "And you!" or "Get stuffed!" or "Piss off!" or "Up yours!" ■



LAUGH WITH



"Well it doesn't look like a raft to me!"



"Are you sure you're a photographer for Knave?"

"I told you not to stand behind him, Amelia!"

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Readers' Letters

It was the first time I had had any extra-marital sex and I could hardly believe it. My soaking wet panties, now sticky with Bob's spunk told me it was true. Thinking about all that had happened made me dream of a further sensual experience. Something to look forward to, who knows? . . . — A.S., Bath.

Summer Nights

I wonder if holidays do something for men's potency? I say this because I had an unexpectedly sexy and satisfying time on my holiday in Italy last year.

I had always enjoyed Tony's lovemaking, but he wasn't a stallion, poor thing; even so, I knew I was a lot better taken care of than most girls. I got a big surprise when we got to Italy, though. He celebrated our arrival by throwing me across the bed and having his way twice in quick succession

"To my horror and amazement, his penis was fully erect, straining back across his tummy, nearly reaching his chest!"

I thought he'd want to rest then (I did!), and I started to get dressed to go out. He soon put a stop to that, fetched me a drink from the hotel bar, and before I'd had a chance to drink it I found myself on my back again, with what felt like the Rock of Gibraltar pounding away in my pussy. Tony kept this up for simply ages, not slowing down but not spending either, till he saw (after I'd climaxed time and again) that I was thoroughly contented, then he opened the floodgates for the third time in two hours.

This was a super performance by anyone's standards, and especially for Tony, but I didn't think any more about it until the next morning when, feeling tired from the travelling and the lovemaking, we went sunbathing at a nearby beach. Being September there weren't many people there, but we soon saw that quite a lot of them were nude, which seems to be quite common on the continent these days. Although I approve of nudism in theory I must say I felt a bit shy and embarrassed and insisted on keeping my panties on (*nobody* seemed to be wearing a bra or bikini top!) but Tony was quickly naked and we left our clothes in the hired car at the top of the beach.

We sunbathed for a while and both fell asleep. A while later I woke up and looked at Tony — to my horror (and amazement as I had expected him to be completely pooped) his penis was fully erect, straining back across his tummy, nearly reaching his chest! It looked huge, and I should think everyone on the beach could see it. I woke Tony up and covered him with a towel. We were both terribly embarrassed, but the more Tony tried to get it to subside the more ardent he got. In the end, as no one was very near, I slipped my hand under the towel and discreetly masturbated him, which didn't take long as he was so excited.

Shortly afterwards we went for a walk. On our way back to the car we had to pass four French girls who had been sunbathing all morning, lying by some rocks so you could hardly see them. In the meantime, though, they had started to play volleyball. I couldn't resist stopping to watch them, and Tony needed no persuading.

To my alarm, although the girls (who were aged between 17 and 25) were only acting perfectly naturally and weren't trying to be provocative or anything, Tony couldn't control his feelings and almost immediately his cock swelled to its maximum size, sticking right up only a few yards from where the girls were. They couldn't help but see the condition Tony was in, and immediately stopped what they were doing. I was afraid they'd be very annoyed, but luckily they just laughed and giggled. Tony tried to cover his embarrassment, but two hands just weren't big enough! We turned tail, found a secluded corner, and I relieved Tony's needs in the same way as before.

Soon after this we went back to the hotel. I must admit that after what happened on the beach I was beginning to feel frustrated and randy. I lay on the bed, longing for Tony to go out and fetch something to eat, so I could get out of my damp panties and play with myself. I didn't get the chance though — I think Tony had read my mind, for without a word he slipped out of his trousers, turned me over on my tummy, made me kneel across the bed, pulled my dress up around my waist, pulled my briefs down, and without any preliminaries mounted me, feeling every bit as hard and lovely as if he hadn't had relief for a month. I was more than ready, my pussy so wet he slipped into me as far as he could go in just one or two thrusts.

The next 40 minutes were absolute bliss. At the end of it we were both shattered, but oh so contented. For the rest of the fortnight we ate, drank, swam, sunbathed, and made love. Tony never made an exhibition of himself on the beach again, but I soon discarded my panties when we went there! I had pussy-ache the whole time from his attentions, but I've never felt so fulfilled sexually, before or since.

I wonder if any other lady readers have had similar experiences on holiday with husbands or boyfriends who have turned into holiday casanovas? Anyway, I'm certainly looking forward to my holidays this summer . . . — *Nicki, Hinckley.*

Happy Snaps

I had never had any reason to doubt my wife's faithfulness; to me she'd always been the one-man, loving wife I always took her to be.

Ann is thirty-seven, so old enough not to make the excuse that her young head was turned by the men involved. It's now obvious that my being away from home so much left her with too much time on her hands.

I was in a hotel in Newcastle one night, a very long way from Northampton. I got into an easy conversation with two younger men, and before long it had turned to sex. They seemed to think they were slipping as they hadn't got a female lined up for the night, and I got the feeling they were a pair of bragging bastards, thinking every woman was queueing up to be screwed by them.

As if to prove the point, the one called Roger pulled some photos from his pocket and handed them to me. They were some of the girls he and Dave shafted regularly as they travelled. Their ages varied considerably, and I admit to feeling my cock twitch at the thought of so many beauties to fuck.

Then my heart almost stop-

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ped. I couldn't believe my eyes as I came across a photo of my wife. I turned the picture over and, as if I needed confirmation, I saw *Ann, N'ton* lightly pencilled on the back.

Trying to behave normally, I asked how they made contact.

"Easy," came the reply. "Look on the back for area and name, look her name up in my little black book, and get her phone number. The rest is easy."

"Oh, come now," I argued. "Some of them must be married, and married women don't willingly lay for other men. What about — this one, Ann from Northampton?" as if picking her at random.

Roger and David looked at each other, and I thought I'd blown it. Then David said,

"Then I dropped my bombshell, informing them who I was, and proving it with my documents."

"You couldn't have picked an easier one. It's easier getting Ann's pants off than taking milk from a cat. Ann doesn't scratch." I must have looked incredibly stupid while the others related their experiences with my wife.

I heard myself saying that I often get into the Northampton area, and would love the chance to have a night with Ann. The men looked at each other, then gave me my own phone number. Then, as if to warn me, added that if I went back to their room they had further evidence of what Ann was like. Of course I went with them, and they brought out a whole envelope full of photos of Ann. But photos with a difference. Ann was completely naked, and posing in every position imaginable; even with her legs open, holding her cunt apart for the camera. They laughingly asked me to compare that one to another where Roger was straddling my wife's body, himself pulling her cunt open. I needed no confirmation that she had been soundly fucked before the second shot. It was easy finding out which hotel they stayed at in my home town. I knew it well.

Then I dropped my bombshell, informing them who I was, and proving it with documents. While they stared in disbelief, I told them I would love to see them fucking my wife, and explained a simple way to arrange it. Under the circumstances they didn't have much choice.

They were coming to Northampton a couple of weeks later. I arranged to be away that night, but returned to meet Roger and David at 7 pm. They would wine and dine Ann in their usual way, while I kept out of sight.

I watched with pounding heart as my unsuspecting wife willingly accompanied the two men to their room, looking absolutely beautiful, and much younger than her age. The plan was for one of the lads to give me a signal when Ann reached the point of no return.

They kept their word, and the door opened quicker than I'd expected. I stepped inside, my heart pounding like a drum. The bed was round the corner from the toilet, but I could hear them moaning. A mirror showed me she couldn't see me past the men, so I peered cautiously round the corner.

Ann was already naked except for her panties, which looked to be bulging so tightly they would split. Her eyes were closed, and she tossed her head as Roger and David mashed her big soft tits almost ruthlessly, her nipples red and swollen. For a while I watched the agitated way she rolled her hips, opening and closing her thighs seductively, then found I could stand it no longer. Quickly I knelt beside the bed, hidden by Roger, and began feeling her silk-clad cunt.

She responded by squeezing her thighs, trapping my hand, then gradually letting them fall apart. I pulled her pants to one side, saw the state of her cunt, and could wait no longer. I pulled her pants right off, then my own, got between her legs, and lunged my prick right into her. She was so wet I buried my length in one thrust.

Then she opened her eyes and saw me. She gasped my name, her face a picture of shock and pleasure as I hammered her cunt. She glanced at David, then Roger, then back to me. My prick had never felt so big and hard, and Ann seemed to feel it too as she pulled her legs higher, offering me deeper penetration as our friends urged us on.

When I came I shot the most satisfying load of spunk I've ever delivered, which left me

"Ann was already naked except for her panties, which looked to be bulging so tightly they would split."

panting and breathless. Almost regretfully I rolled off my hot wife, and watched as Roger took my place. Her tits heaved wildly and her legs were spread in the most vulgar manner, as her eyes implored me not to spoil her pleasure.

She reached for my prick as Roger shafted her, and began to lick and suck, but found it difficult on her back so she requested he withdraw. She turned onto all fours and pulled his prick back into her, before taking my wet cock into her mouth more easily.

She had me really stiff again by the time Roger shot his load into her, but I waited my turn until David had finished with her. I was surprised that she didn't object when I wanted another length up her, and it was beautiful just to look at her lovely bum moving around as I slid in and out. And she didn't object when first Roger, then David, gave her further trem-

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"He'll be the head waiter."

SLUG
I'VE JUST BEEN WONDERING MOTHER-IN-LAW, DEAR...
WHAT?
...WHAT IT'S LIKE BEING A HEAP OF FESTERING SICK?
THAT'S DONE IT!
EAT KNUCKLE, FAT BOY!
STOP IT! STOP IT!
CALM DOWN, MOTHER! I CAN'T LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE FOR A SECOND! AND SLUG—YOU CAN TAKE YOURSELF DOWN TO THE PUB TO COOL OFF!
Randy
NIGHT-NIGHT, MOTHER— IF YOU GET BORED HAVE A HEART ATTACK.
DOWN AT THE CAVE INN...
HOW D'YOU GET RID OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW?
CAVE INN
HMM... LET ME THINK... MAYBE IF SHE HAD A MAN IN HER LIFE?

A MAN! OF COURSE— THAT'S IT! A MAN!
ARE YOU THE HIT-MAN WHO KILLS OLD LADIES FOR A PINT?
ONLY IF I GET TO EAT THE BODY AFTER.
I LOVE YOU.
OH, LOOK AT HIM GO! HE KILLED THE BARMAN ON THE WAY OUT AS A WARM-UP!
NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SIT HERE AND WAIT! I TOLD HIM THE ADDRESS, WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE, HER HEIGHT, WEIGHT...
HER KNEES! MY GOD I NEVER WARNED HIM ABOUT HER KNEES!
MAYBE I CAN GET THERE IN TIME!
TO HELP HIM FIND HIS GOOLIES.
NEXT MONTH:— THE ULTIMATUM!

Porn Cocktail

There's Hollywood... and then again there's the porno business; from softcore to video filthies; from stars to bit-part hustlers. Our Special Co-respondent, *Jim Dawson*, passes on all the very latest gossip...

In this era of cheap video movies, a director with $10,000 can shoot a feature over the weekend with a few actors and a location, generally somebody's house. Wall-to-wall sex is not expensive to shoot.

So Bruce Seven recently decided to move one of his video features out of his house and onto a yacht, sail over to Catalina Island and back (about 26 miles each way), and videotape a quickie about three girls who stowaway on a boat. The script, says director Seven, was two pages of dialogue. The rest of the movie, which he planned to last 75 to 80 minutes, would be port-to-starboard-to-stem-to-stern sex.

Kari Foxx (left), and the reclining Kimberly Carson (above).

Yacht-location porn films are not that rare. Marilyn Chambers' *Up 'N Coming* and *All American Girls In Heat* were shot aboard large boats. *Marina Vice* and several other less expensive movies were also shot on open water. But Bruce Seven did not contact any of the directors of those movies to see if they'd had any trouble.

"I had six actors and a crew of seven, including the guy who owned the yacht," says Seven. "The girls were all beauties: Kimberly Carson, Purple Passion and Kari Foxx. Kimberly had been in *Marina Vice*, which was shot on the same yacht. So out we go. We left in the early morning and planned to get back to the marina late that evening."

The day was clear and sunny but the waters of the Pacific were a little choppy. "Kari was the first to get sea sick, and that got Purple Passion, because when Kari threw up it made Purple sick — and then neither one could stop. Kimberly lasted about another hour. I was shooting with her, hoping the other two could get used to the boat in a couple of hours, when she started heaving over the side. Even one of the actors, Shone Tee, got sick."

When Kari's condition improved a little, Bruce tried to shoot a scene with her. "It was no use," he says. "Her heart wasn't in it. I got about 15 minutes' worth of footage but I couldn't use it. Poor Kari was pale and looked wasted. Kimberly got her legs back a little, but by that time none of the guys were very interested. I mean, how sexy would you feel after watching three girls toss their breakfast all day?"

The day, though, wasn't a total washout. "I shot the movie back at my place the next day. I've got enough footage on the yacht to put a scene in the movie someplace, just to get the action out of the house for a couple of minutes!"

Roxanne Roland (astride a chopper!) in spiffing form and tattered tights. Don't you just love the tee-shirt?

Although last year's *Mad Jack: Beyond Thunderbone* was a bone-headed porn take-off on the successful Mel Gibson film, *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*, this year's *Mad Sex* has nothing to do with Gibson's Mad Max, the Road Warrior character, or the premise of the Mad Max post-apocalyptic films. *Mad Sex* is simply the story of a couple of suburbanite women who drop out and join up with a motorcycle gang.

However, producer Harold Lime has made every effort to capitalize on the Mad Max trilogy by decking up punkish Roxanne Roland (who plays a character named Tina — Tina Turner, get it?) in a leather, fishnet and bones ensemble, standing her next to the huge chopper (motorcycle), and putting her on all his ads and video boxes.

Roxanne, a busty, buxom blonde with an even disposition, says she loved playing a mean biker in the movie. "They made me up into a whole different person and told me to be nasty," she laughs, "and boy, was I nasty! I fucked all the guys silly and fucked the girls with a big dildo! I got to act out all my fantasies in this movie."

The most interesting transformation was Roxanne's appearance, from classic dumb blonde to super biker bitch. "Don't I look wild?" she asks, holding up the video box she's so proud of. "When you look mean like that, it's easy to get into your role. I mean, I could never have played Tina the way I played her if I just looked normal. In real life I hardly ever lose my temper. It's hard for me to say no, I'm such a pushover. But looking like that — maybe I should start dressing up like that all the time. It might change my whole life around."

Maybe it would, for when I spoke to Roxanne she was on the set of a new video and back to playing her standard role: the put-upon, not-too-smart blonde with a heart of gold and a set of tits that every stud in the movie fucks. It truly is amazing what a change of clothes, new make-up and a punk wig can do for a woman.

Isabelle La Grange — likes eating in restaurants.

While we're on the subject of how group expectations can change the behaviour of a person, we should also discuss Isabelle La Grange, a new French starlet making her American debut in Caballero Home Video's latest feature, *Shades of Passion*. "I love this country so much," she said on a recent visit to Hollywood, "because I can really let down my hair here and be everything I want to be. Americans expect a girl like me to be bad, so I can really be bad here and not feel guilty about it. You Americans are so sleazy, you want me to do everything!"

Like what?

"In France I would never think of giving a man head under a table in a nice restaurant, but here in Los Angeles I have done it several times. Men here want a girl to be outrageous, do outrageous things, you know? The French, they are so conservative, they would be shocked. But here you smile and wink and wish you were having sex with me, too." *(Why are there no restaurants like that in Essex? — Ed.)*

Isabelle La Grange hails originally from Algeria, and her ancestry is Negro, Arab and European. She inherited the best of all races. Her hair is rich and thick and shiny. Her eyes are dark and mysterious. Her lips are full and wet. And her body . . . well, look for yourself. Here's a woman who could be a big star if she decides to make a career in American X-rated films.

"Oooh, I think I would like that," she said in her sexy accent. "I am in this country

 Continued from previous page

on a tourist visa but I would like to get a work visa. I like it here. I don't want to go back to Paris."

Isabelle became obsessed with America when she lived with an American art student in Paris. "He loved Gene Vincent and fucking, and we would make love while he played his records. I am such a rockabilly fan now, it is so outrageously American. Rockabilly is like sexual freedom, it is such a free music. And I knew I had to come to this country."

This 22-year-old mademoiselle also admitted that, like most Algerians living in France, she was never fond of the French, particularly Parisians. "They are very intolerant. They call us dirty Arabs. Oh, they wish to fuck me, make love to me, but they look down their noses at me because I am Algerian. I say fuck them!"

"Do not believe what you hear about the French," she continued. "They look to Americans for sexual standards now. It is the American who is thought to be wicked and daring! The Frenchman — hah, he is more conservative than the English!"

In parting, Isabelle asked, "Do you think I can be a big star here in America?"

There's certainly no question about that.

Layla Lashelle anxiously peering over the fleshy prairies in the hope that she can avoid a potentially painful shaving accident. Not a sight for the faint-hearted, eh lads?

Layla Lashelle, who stars in 4-Play Video's *Tons Of Buns,* is one porn actress who can weigh heavily on a man's mind — when she sits on his face! This tantalizing tubby claims that she tips the scales at 260 pounds. She's very large, in the first place. She's large in the second place, too, And when hefty Layla gets all her flesh jiggling in the throes of lardy lust, she. has been known to knock her male lovers unconscious.

Recently I had the opportunity of sitting down with Layla in a very large room. After testing all the chairs, she decided it might be more cosy if we sat on the floor.

"You get a lot of shit from people when you're heavy," Layla told me first off. "People can be very cruel. People who think they're liberal, who would never think of making a racial comment to a black or a Jewish person, will come right out and insult you. They'll say, 'How can you feel good about yourself with all that weight?' And guys'll yell, 'Hey, fat-ass, go on a diet!' "

Despite this abuse from a thin-conscious citizenry, Layla claims she's never at a loss for lovers. "A lot of men like us girls with a lot to love. With some guys, if you don't weight at least 200 pounds, forget it, they don't want to talk to you."

In *Tons Of Buns,* Layla takes on two white guys and a black man. "I love black dudes," she says. "They have more appreciation for us bountiful women. Black women tend to be heavier, so it's acceptable. The big mama isn't ridiculed at all. In fact, she's a symbol of respect. Black men like a woman with meat on her bones!"

She's also fond of small women. "I've had girlfriends. They see me as protection because no man in his right mind is gonna fuck with me. I'll knock the shit out of a man if he gets smart with me!"

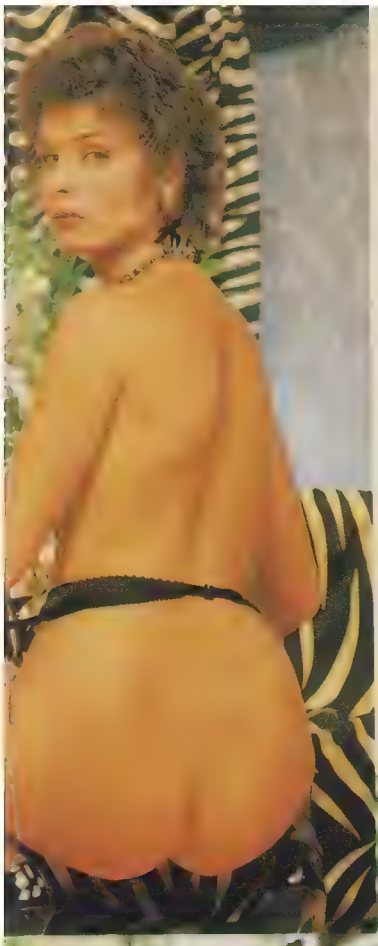
But if she were given the opportunity, would Layla prefer being about 100 pounds lighter? "Oh, it'd feel better, I guess. But I don't worry about that. I like to eat and I like to fuck. You'd be surprised how many boyfriends I have. I'm a lot of woman to love. I'm real good on cold nights. My men like to cuddle. They like to feel all of me, feel my warmth. They want me to put my arms and legs around 'em and just smother 'em with love!"

Smother is the right word here. A romp with Layla could be dangerous. But if you like your ladies full-bodied, you'll like Layla Lashelle in *Tons Of Buns.*

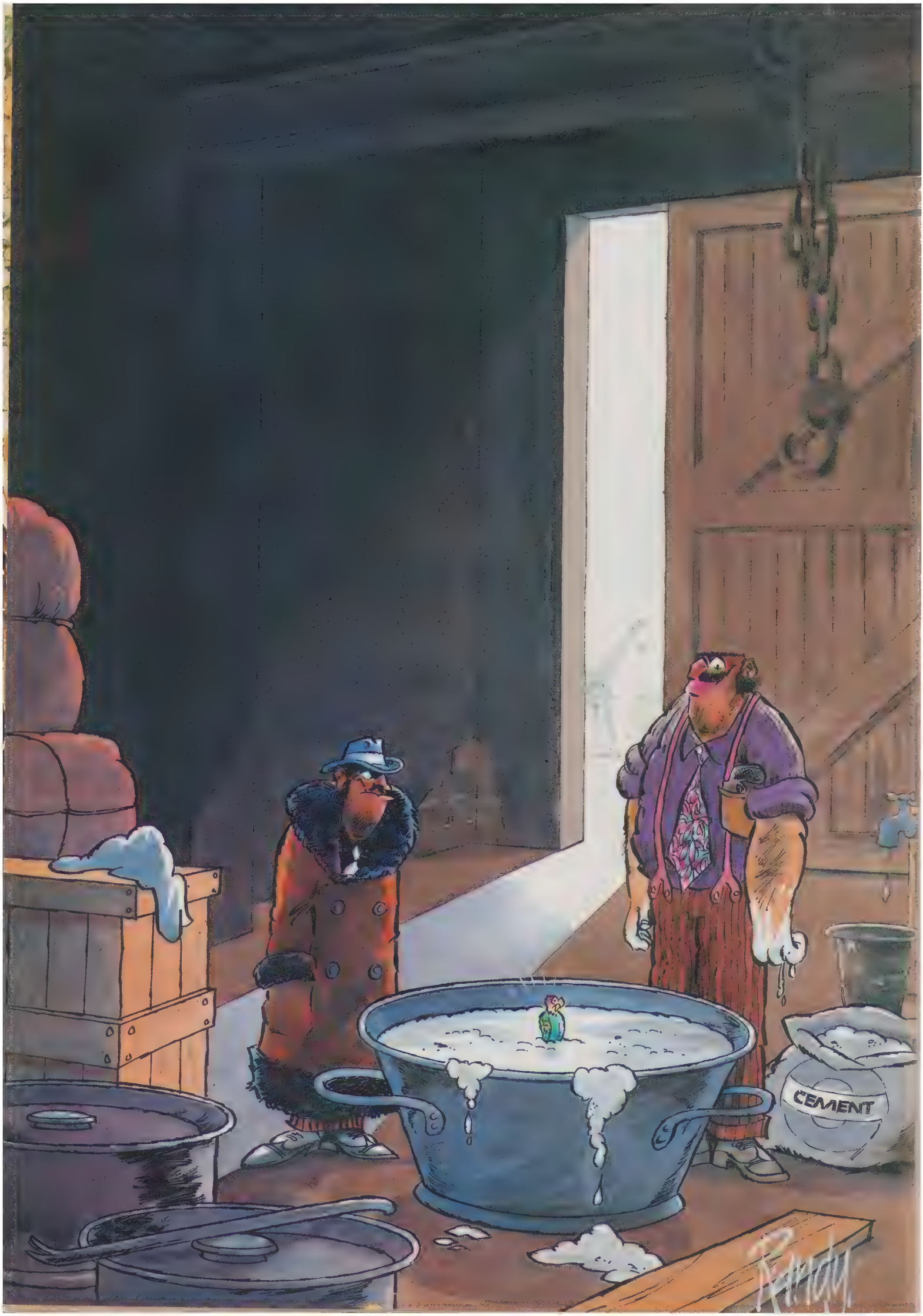
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE COLBY

GISELLE

Introducing Giselle, a young lady of Germanic extraction (her grandmother hails from Berlin, apparently) who lives in a charming hamlet on the sunny side of Greater Manchester. Her favourite colours are yellow and black, which is just as well.



A very interesting girl is Giselle, multi-talented in fact. For instance, amongst her hobbies are gardening and flower arranging — useful skills. It was Giselle who did the nifty floral work in the background, and very nicely too — much more appealing than anything the Editor could nick out of the local garden. Mind you, he did a good job of shooting the sofa!


CEMENT

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endous shaftings.

Ann told me she got so bored when I was away that one night she'd really got made up and gone to the hotel bar. She hadn't intended to do anything wrong, but when Roger and David began chatting her up she'd gone along with it at first, not wishing to appear rude.

The next thing she knew she was in their room, offering no resistance as their hands felt and stripped her. And she swore they were the only men

"Still aroused, I turned towards the couple on my right and began to fondle the girl's breasts."

to have had her. I believed her, but soon put that right, introducing her to a number of others.

I feel much happier now, knowing that while I'm away she has at least one cock to keep her satisfied . . . — *Mike, Northampton.*

Company's Coming

Until a few days ago the thought of participating in an orgy would have turned me right off. I'm 25, single, and while I've had quite a few different girls my sex life has always been strictly private.

Recently a female friend I have known and fancied for a good many years, but had never slept with, telephoned to invite me to a party in London. We had been close but I had not seen her since she married something of a trendsetter from London several months ago.

The party was a good one, but conventional, with eating, drinking and dancing continuing into the early hours of the morning. Finally, at about 3 o'clock, I collected my sleeping bag from the car and joined a number of partygoers, including my friend Sue and her husband Mike, to sleep on the floor of one of the bedrooms. One couple slept on a mattress against the hearth, another against the door with Sue between myself and her husband.

Soon after we had settled down I heard noises from behind me, and a secretive glance confirmed that the couple by the door were trying to make love without disturbing the others. At first I was embarrassed, but as the noises continued I found myself getting an erection. Then I heard scuffles next to me and saw that Sue had been following events too, and was clearly turned on. Under the blanket that covered them she was working at Mike's penis and suddenly I heard her tell him "fuck me" in an eager whisper. I couldn't help looking as he slipped on top of her and began to move up and down between her legs.

After a while the girl from the couple by the door approached and, placing her hand between Mike's legs, grabbed his penis and pulled it towards her own thighs. I was so worked up now that I couldn't remain still, and taking my opportunity I moved over to Sue. I turned her over and, pushing her legs wide apart, began to take her from behind. She must have been close to orgasm because it wasn't long before she climaxed with a shuddering groan. Still aroused, I turned towards the couple on my right and

"Dammit, I must have been born a few centuries too late . . ."

began to fondle the girls breasts as her partner fucked her. At that moment Sue moved her head underneath me and took my aching penis between her lips. My hips moved naturally and I began to fuck her mouth, moving backwards and forwards until I climaxed with the heaviest ejaculation and most satisfying orgasm I can remember.

The next morning brought a shy silence from all round. No one seemed willing to talk about it, which was probably just as well. If anyone had told me before the party that I would participate so openly in multiple sex I would not have believed them. But I can certainly vouch for the fact that unplanned experiences are often the best. It certainly was for me. — *P.D.N., Hants.*

Really Best Of . . .

It is nice to have a chance to see some of the Best Of Knave again; hard as I try to keep my copies some bugger has always 'borrowed' the ones that I want to look at again.

Anyway, congratulations on your latest 'Best Of', it's probably the Best Best, if you see what I mean.

I must be slipping, or perhaps I was out of the country because I can't think of any other reason for having missed a copy of Knave, but I hadn't seen those pics of Joan before — you know, the ones where she starts off in a set of chain mail and just sort of goes on from there . . . Leather, rubber, pvc, I've heard about all of those, but I'm getting a bit worried — what do you call someone who is into chain mail! Dammit, I must have been born a few centuries too late . . . — *Lancelot, Cornwall.*

(That could just be a pseudonym . . . — Ed.)

Taking A Gamble

I'm not a gambling man, but if I was I'd take odds on Hazel (Best Of Knave) being the best bet in your last compilation of all that's best about Knave.

You were kind, your spared us too many 'orrible puns about chips and things, so I guess I'd better play fair too. No more puns, let's just say Hazel has to be one of the best things to grace either a roulette wheel, or your pages, in quite a while.

I really am going to have to buy Knave every month — I find there's something that was too good to miss every time I buy a Best Of . . . — *M.G., Hants.*

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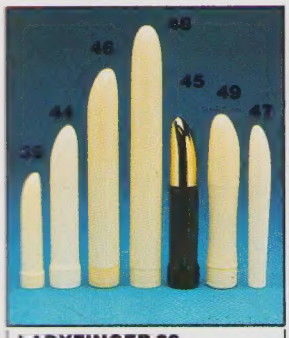

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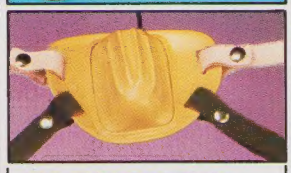

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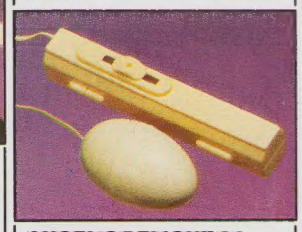

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